HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXII.—No. 1101.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1878. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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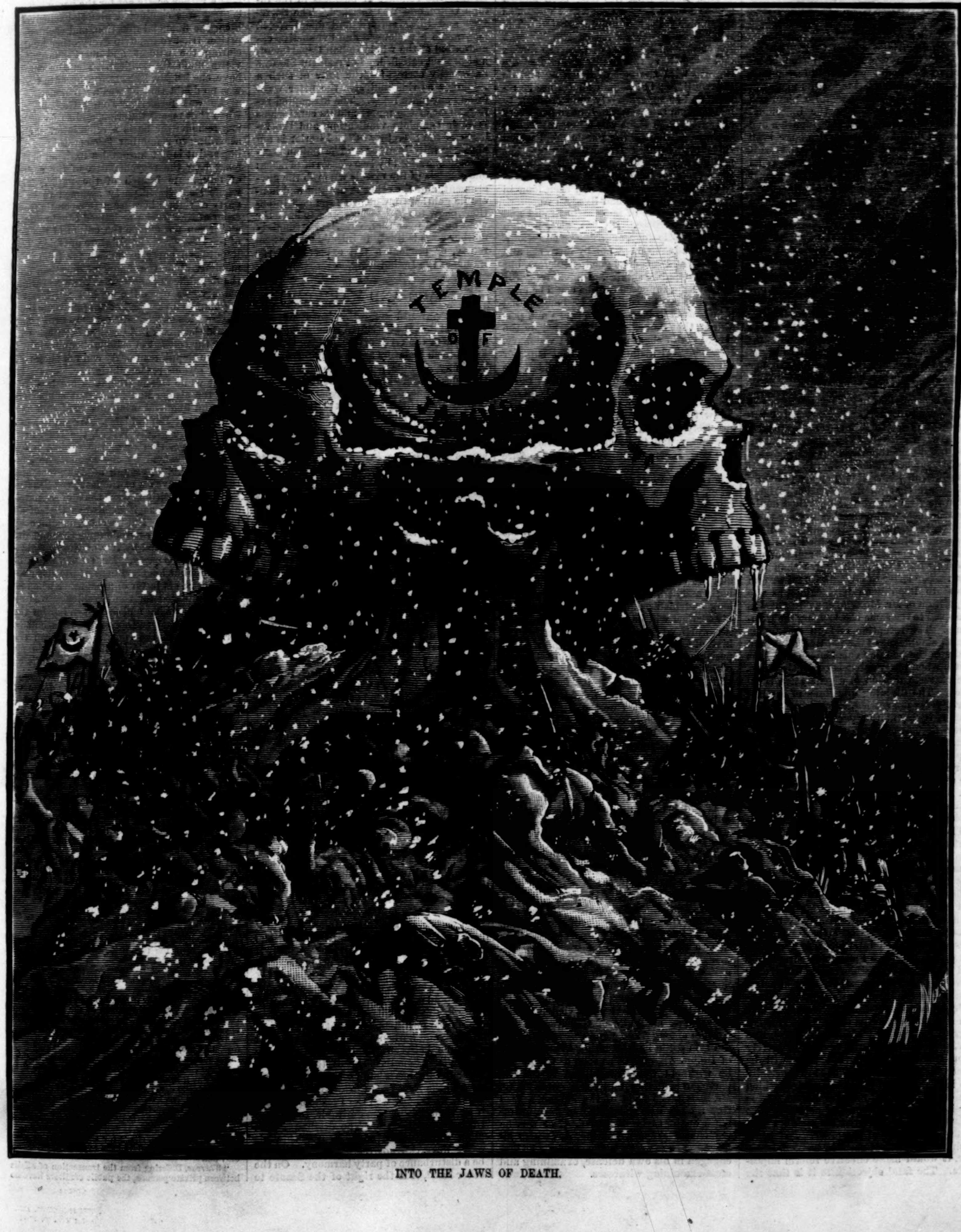

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 2, 1878.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains several pictures relating to the War in the East, a sketch at St. Helena, and another installment of* "Shepherds All and Maidens Fair."

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE COUNTRY.

The miscarriage of the Chandler assault upon the Administration is instructive. It is not necessary to suppose a cabal, and that the letter was its manifest. There was probably no definite plan, and the letter was doubtless the individual work of its author. But the intention and the scope might very naturally have been somewhat known in advance, and the result awaited with interest. The letter was an attempt to bell the cat. But the grayer whiskers warily held aloof to see the consequences, and, should things go wrong, to be able to disown all complicity. The immediate result has been serviceable. Had the New Hampshire Convention censured the President, it would have been alleged that he was disowned by the Republican party. But as the Convention declared its confidence in the Administration, the eager opponents of the President have probably learned that what the great mass of honest, intelligent, and patriotic citizens desire is not the re-opening of the Presidential question, nor renewed military occupation of the Southern States, nor swindling finance, nor spoils statesmanship, but precisely the policy with which the President is identified.

This is as obvious in the Democratic as in the Republican party. The proposition to re-open the troubles of last year meets with no favor whatever. The Democrats, indeed, insist that there was a fraud, and that it shall not be condoned, and that it shall be righted in 1880. But they are perfectly well aware that an investigation of facts would inevitably throw the greatest doubt upon the local returns as they declare them to have been, and there is undoubtedly a Democratic statesmanship which sees that a Republican policy of amity is more advantageous to the Southern States than any other. The letter of Mr. Chandler was an appeal to Republican implacables, as the proposition of Mr. Montgomery Blair was an appeal to the same class among the Democrats. The reception of both documents is most significant of the political situation. It shows the popular common-sense. It is a time when party spirit is curiously weak. The extreme tension of a generation is relaxed. The dividing questions of the last thirty years are settled, and upon the questions of to-day neither party is agreed within itself. The general course of the Administration thus far is acceptable to hosts of Republicans and of Democrats also; and therefore Mr. Chandler's allegation that the course ought to have been different, and Mr. Blair's that the Administration which takes it is fraudulent, merely excite the impatience of the country.

The requirement of the situation now is that the Administration shall hold its course firmly and consistently. Its real troubles, as usual, spring from appointments to office. But here a few plain principles decisively enforced would satisfy public expectation. We can not help thinking, also, that an explanation might be authoritatively but indirectly made of acts that seem to be totally incompatible with intelligent and consistent principles. The President's earnestness and interest in a sensible, non-political civil service are beyond question. For appointments that are in themselves incomprehensible he has doubtless good reasons. We can sometimes imagine them. But it is not easy to believe that Messrs. Simmons, Filley, and Edmunds are continued merely upon the expectation that they will be "good boys" hereafter. They are especially the illustrations of the abuse against which the order of last June was issued. It is possible that the ground of action is that nobody is to be removed for conduct previous to the issue of the order. But while such a course might seem to be technically fair, it would make effective reform impossible. The fatal objection to it is that the only possible security of a faithful adherence to the spirit and purpose of the order, as well as to purely business principles of official administration, lies in the known character and convictions of the officer. There is little doubt, however, that the President's firmness will do much to emancipate the lawful Executive power from legislative coercion. The "magnificent statesmanship" that instinctively clings to patronage as to its sole anchor may seriously embarrass the Executive, but the position taken by Senator Edmunds in his letter to the President is undoubtedly the only constitutional and reasonable ground. The President has only to hold it with his tranquil tenacity, and he will find himself sustained by the country. He is undoubtedly in accord with the strongest public sentiment, and he, not Mr. Chandler, nor Mr. Blair, represents the general national desire.

THE INDIAN RING.

The Indian Ring has long been known as one of the most corrupt and ingenious conspiracies in the public service. The revelations under Secretary Delano and the occasional glimpses of immense abuses and frauds have thoroughly acquainted the country with the fact of the Ring and its depredations; but Indian affairs are so remote and so superlatively uninteresting to most people that the frauds have had every advantage, and there was a general feeling—the condition of the public mind which rings always most fervently desire—that nothing could be done about it. Mr. Schurz, the Secretary of the Interior, was fortunately of another mind. He had been long in Washington, and he had lived in Missouri, and he is a man of penetrating mind and tenacious purpose. He has, also, a high ideal of public duty, and if he be ambitious, he seeks advancement not by intrigues and bargains and sneers at good endeavors, but by honest public service. Undoubtedly the Indian Ring supposed that he could be bamboozled, since he could not be bought, and if he proved to be really too sharp and persistent, that he could be discredited by the stupid cry of sham reformer and visionary. Now political history shows that superior education and accomplishment, which are meant by this cry, are always great re-enforcements of original ability. It is a good thing for a public man, for instance, to know from the experience of other times precisely the kind of opposition that he will encounter, and to learn from history that the most ignorant and venal statesmen are not the most sagacious or successful.

Mr. Schurz has grappled with the Indian Ring, and has struck it most damaging blows. It will strike back in every way, and it is exceedingly ingenious. Meanwhile the country will remember that his fight is that of honesty and fair play in the public service. The report of the investigating committee appointed at his instance, and his official action under it, have been hotly assailed, and as the contest must be long and bitter, and as the Secretary and his conduct will be constantly calumniated, it is worth while at the beginning to see the kind of assault made upon him and the disposition he makes of it. The investigating committee was composed of Major Bradley, of the army, selected by the Secretary of War; Mr. M'Cammon, of the Attorney-General's office, selected by the Attorney-General; and Major Lockwood, chief clerk of the Interior Department. To break the force of their report it has been alleged that their information was derived from notoriously disreputable persons, who were present throughout the proceedings, and virtually managed the whole affair. The fact is that the persons alluded to were present only when examined as witnesses, and when not on the witness-stand they were carefully excluded from the room. Moreover, their testimony was considered as of little value and importance, and most of the charges that it was intended to sustain were thrown out at an early stage of proceedings. The assertion, therefore, that the removal of Mr. Galpin, chief clerk of the bureau, which is one of the offenses charged, was due to the testimony of disreputable witnesses, is absolutely untrue. The Secretary states distinctly that Mr. Galpin was dismissed principally upon his own testimony. He admitted that for nearly two months he had withheld from the knowledge of the department affidavits of the grossest corruption among traders and contractors. He did this while he was acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs, yet as soon as the papers he withheld were transmitted to the Department of Justice, indictments were found. Mr. Smith, the head of the bureau, agreed that a clerk who was guilty of such an offense ought to be dismissed. Nor was he removed without a hearing, as is also alleged. For more than twenty days he was engaged in his own defense, examining and cross-examining witnesses.

President Seelye, of Amherst College, who served upon the Indian Committee in the last Congress, states that he thinks the report of Messrs. Bradley, M'Cammon, and Lockwood to be a gross travesty upon justice, secured by a combination of corrupt and adroit men who hated Mr. Galpin because he opposed their fraudulent schemes. But President Seelye will hardly expect the country to suppose that he was not quite as likely to be deceived as the Secretary of the Interior and the three gentlemen of the committee. As Mr. Schurz shows, President Seelye had already precluded himself from the position of a judge by saying, before the investigation began, that he could hardly conceive of any testimony that would shake his convictions. His simple assertion that the report is a gross travesty upon justice is absolutely without weight in the absence of any evidence of improper motives or incapacity upon the part of the Secretary or the committee. As a member of the Indian Committee, he looked into the conduct of business in the Indian Office, and was satisfied. The Secretary and three shrewd and disinterested men make a prolonged and exhaustive examination of the whole Indian Department, and are not satisfied. Is President Seelye necessarily correct? The folly of such a rejoinder as this indicates the utter want of any adequate reply. The attempted arraignment of the report and its conclusions is their complete vindication, and the remark of the Secretary of the Interior is apparently fully justified: "The Indian service is demoralized by two classes of persons: one consists of the rascals who rob the government, and the other of upright and honorable gentlemen, who, with the best intentions, show too great an aptness to have the wool pulled over their eyes." Fortunately neither class is likely to intimidate the Secretary, or prevent a full exposure of the frauds of the Indian Ring.

PEACE AND HARMONY.

A very absurd suggestion is occasionally ventured that the President should not press a reform of the civil service, but try to unite Republican Senators against the Silver Bill. Will any sensible person who thinks that this means something look at it for a moment? What does the suggestion imply? Simply that if the President will not make trouble about nominations which Senators do not like, they will not support the silver project. The proposition ludicrously assumes that if the President continues to do what he holds to be his duty in one way, Senators will punish him by not doing theirs in another. A more preposterous notion could not be suggested. Take Senator Conkling, for instance, who has been the leader in the fight for patronage: do his friends seriously mean—and it is from them that the suggestion chiefly proceeds—that if the President should renew the New York nominations, Mr. Conkling would favor the remonetization of silver? Are there, in their judgment, no other politics than bargaining? We do not like Senator Conkling's politics, but we certainly do not suppose him to be capable of such baseness as this suggestion implies.

Senators are elected to act according to their honest judgment upon every question presented. What kind of Senator is he who will not vote according to his judgment upon one subject if the President does not do what the Senator wishes upon another? A more contemptible insinuation could not be made. Yet it is just this insinuation which is made by Republicans who hope that the President will "consolidate Republican strength against the Silver Bill" by refraining from doing his duty in the matter of nominations. And will any body point out how this harmonizing work is to be done, except by supposing conduct upon the part of Senators which would justly make them despicable? Would refraining from renewing the New York nominations persuade Mr. Stanley Matthews to vote against his own resolution? Would it prevent Mr. Howe from voting for the Bland bill? Would it lead Mr. Allison to withdraw his motion? Would it change a single vote? And if it should—if the entire Republican body of Senators should say to the President that if he would yield his crotchets about reforms, they would all be consolidated, and vote unitedly against the Silver Bill—would it save them from universal contempt?

Peace and harmony, we are told, are most desirable between the President and the Republican Senate. But if they are disturbed, who has disturbed them? In regard to the New York Custom-house, no one will deny that it was the President's duty, if he thought changes desirable, to propose them to the Senate. The discharge of a plain constitutional duty, and within his party lines, can not reasonably be held to be a disturbance of party harmony. On the other hand, it is the right of the Senate to reject the nominations. The President has never questioned or denied the right; on the contrary, he has always carefully affirmed it. By nothing that he has done, therefore, has he departed from the strict line of his official duty or of his party sympathy. If peace and harmony are disturbed, they are not disturbed by him. And now we are told that the peace and harmony which he has not disturbed can be maintained if he will only consent not to do his duty, and thereby persuade Senators to violate theirs. The nonsense of this twaddle about peace and harmony has been exposed at every point. It amounts to a demand of a surrender of the President to the spoils Senators under a threat that they will vote against their convictions.

NATIONAL PARTIES AND NATIONAL HONESTY.

The Democratic Legislature of Ohio has elected Mr. Pendleton to the Senate, but it is a rather costly act for the party. The contest was conducted almost exclusively upon the financial question, and each competitor tried to outstrip every other by declaring the wildest and most anarchical views upon the subject. The Democrats have elected Mr. Pendleton because there was no doubt that he was a "remonetizer," as he was formerly "Young Greenbacks" when that meant inflation, and so far as he is a remonetizer he is a repudiator. Now, according to a familiar Democratic reasoning, and it is not unsound, a national party must bear the responsibility of the action of any State branch of the party. The whole Democratic party assumed to be a party of reform because a Democratic Governor of New York proclaimed canal reform, and it can not escape the odium of the act of the Democratic Legislature of Ohio. The Republican party is, indeed, far from harmonious upon the financial question, and the Republican Senator Matthews, of Ohio, holds views upon the subject not less repugnant to a vast body of Republicans than those of his successor, Mr. Pendleton; and should the Silver Bill pass the Senate, it will be by the consent of a Republican majority, and the Republican party can not shake off a very serious responsibility.

But while this is true, it is not less true that the strong and intelligent supporters of sound financial principles are found as a body among Republicans. We do not forget, and we gladly record, the true, firm, and able position upon the subject taken and bravely held by the Democratic Senator Bayard. Through all the great and threatening events of the last year Senator Bayard's position was that of a patriotic statesman, as it is always that of an honorable man. But his clear, unequivocal, uncompromising attitude upon the financial question is shared by few of the conspicuous men of his party. Mr. Tilden was called sound, but his treatment of the Resumption Act in his letter of acceptance when he was nominated for the Presidency was an elaborate evasion and dodge—a bid for the support of Western Democratic inflationists. Mr. Hayes, on the contrary, had been the candidate of the Republicans of Ohio for Governor when the canvass was conducted chiefly upon a direct issue between financial honesty and dishonesty; and the hope of saving the national faith at this time is apparently his veto as a Republican President. Senator Edmunds, also, a Republican leader of the Senate, has introduced as a substitute for Senator Matthews's silver resolution a strong and plain statement of the truth upon this subject—so clear and compact, indeed, that although long for our space, we reproduce it for the widest possible circulation:

> "*Whereas*, It appears from the record of the Mint that the total coinage of the silver dollar has been $8,045,838; and
>
> "*Whereas*, The silver dollar of the United States had been so long absolutely obsolete as any substantial part of the money of the country, and that which had been so coined almost entirely converted into other forms of metal, and did not exist at the time of the making of any of the existing loans of the United States, or those from which existing loans have been refunded; and
>
> "*Whereas*, By the provisions of the Coinage Act of 1873, passed on the twelfth day of February of that year, and of the Revised Statutes enacted on the first day of December of that year, all provisions of law authorizing the coinage of such silver dollar were repealed; and
>
> "*Whereas*, Since the passage of said last-mentioned acts gold coin, which, by reason of the premises, has been the only existing lawful coin tender and standard of value for all payments above the sum of five dollars, as it had been the only one in fact for many years before, the United States has borrowed in gold coin from the people of this and other countries the sum of not less than $592,990,700 at a rate of interest lower than that of any loan ever before made by the government, and payable in coin; and
>
> "*Whereas*, The holders of all government securities have a right to expect that however much the United States may change its laws, so as, in fact, to affect their interests favorably, it will never evade or repeal favorable legislation, either for the purpose or with the effect to make money at the expense of its creditors; and
>
> "*Whereas*, Differing from the transaction of affairs between private persons, the public creditors have no

> means of enforcing the payment of their loans, it is a duty of the highest obligation on the part of the United States to pay its debts in such a manner as to meet the just expectations of its creditors, and to refrain from taking advantage of the cheapness of silver by reviving either obsolete coins or obsolete or repealed coinage laws in order to provide for payment in silver; and
>
> "*Whereas*, The substantial present value of the silver in a dollar of 412½ grains is only ninety-two per cent. of the value of a dollar of gold, it would also be unjust for the law-making power by new legislation to compel all private creditors to receive from their debtors such a silver dollar at par in payment of pre-existing debts, and equally unjust and even more cruel to compel the great number of citizens of the United States who subsist upon the wages of daily labor to receive payment for their work in money either depreciated or debased;
>
> "*Be it enacted, etc.*, That all the bonds of the United States issued or authorized to be issued under the acts of Congress are payable, principal and interest, in gold coin or its equivalent, and that any other payment, without the consent of the creditor, would be in violation of the public faith and in derogation of his rights."

The Republican party undoubtedly furnishes the nucleus and the force for a party of honest finance. General Ewing, who, from the report of a speech when he was a candidate for the Senate before the Ohio Democratic caucus, would seem to be an exceedingly cheap kind of demagogue, exclaimed, "The people carried the House two years ago." This is the most pitiful stuff. Does General Ewing think that "the people" do not always "carry the House?" Are nobody "people" but shysters and repudiators? Is General Garfield not elected by "the people" quite as much as General Ewing? The assumption of Democratic speakers that their party is that of "the people," because it probably contains more ignorant members than the Republican, is an insult to popular government. If our history proves any thing, it is that the American people who understand the principles of their government, and have successfully maintained them against tremendous assaults, who have solemnly pledged the national faith, and exhort all honest people to redeem it, and who especially represent American industry, intelligence, patriotism, and honor, are "people" who do not belong exclusively or in greater part to General Ewing's party. Of the two parties, as they stand to-day, there is no question that the Republican is the party of the honorable maintenance of the national faith.

SAMUEL BOWLES.

After a long illness, the issue of which can hardly have been doubtful to his friends, Mr. Bowles, of the Springfield *Republican*, died on the 16th of January. He said himself that he died of thirty-five years of hard work, and there is no doubt that he was a most persistent, resolute, and intrepid worker. His profession was his pride. He was essentially "a newspaper man," and a man of the American newspaper. His father founded the *Republican*, and the son was educated in the office, and when he came into full control he made his paper one of the most conspicuous in the country. There are certain journals scattered through the Union which distinctively represent opinion and the thoughts and forces that control it, and among these the Springfield *Republican* is eminent. Its editor had the indispensable sagacity for the conduct of a daily paper, and he was in constant and friendly communication with the true leaders of the public mind.

There are two theories of editing. One *is* that the paper is to reflect public opinion, the other that it is to mould it. The latter is the sounder, and was that of Mr. Bowles. It made him independent of mere party trammels, for the same instinct which resists the dictation of the general public rejects that of a part of the public. Mr. Bowles was not only the owner of a newspaper which he wished to turn to the greatest profit, he was a man of strong convictions which he wished to impress upon the public mind. He knew what and why he believed, and he trusted both himself to say it and his readers to hear and consider it. His sense of duty was profound and his ideal of journalism high. The two combined gave him a courage in editorial conduct which is very unusual. It often endangered friendships, and, as he was a man of tender heart, in the eagerness of maintaining himself against a possible weakness that would seem to him infidelity to his convictions, it sometimes hurried him into impatience and apparent injustice. His individuality was as signal as that of any of the more conspicuous editors of his time, and, as in their case, his place can not be exactly filled.

The conflict between his temperament, warm, affectionate, sympathetic, and his clear and incisive sense of duty—the strong personality of the man opposed to the impersonality of the editor—must often, although undemonstratively, have worn upon him deeply. It was necessarily a life of a good deal of warfare unseen and unknown to others, and therefore exhaustive of vitality. There was no man better known in the newspaper world, and no one gave or took harder blows. But wherever he was editorially known he was trusted, and wherever he was personally known he was beloved. The death of an able, sagacious, sincere, patriotic, bold, and truly independent leader of public opinion—and such was Samuel Bowles—is a national loss.

MR. OLMSTED AND THE CENTRAL PARK.

There has seldom been a more prompt or emphatic expression of public disapproval, and without any partisan feeling, than in the case of the proposed removal of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted from the Department of Design in the Central Park by abolishing the position. The pretense is economy, and the argument is that as the Park is now practically finished, any body can carry out the details and keep it in order. But a work like the Central Park is never finished. It is no more completed at any particular time than a library. A great work of landscape art is constantly changing, and the skill and knowledge which are indispensable in its construction are not less necessary in its maintenance. The details of the changes that are constantly required in order to preserve the general effect, and the perpetual supervision of intelligent taste, can no more be intrusted to Park "hands" than the proper care of the Astor Library to a porter or a messenger.

The Park Commissioners were not selected for any fitness of this kind. But Mr. Olmsted is known to be the fittest man in the country for the place. Nor is he only a landscape artist, but to the most approved taste and unmatched experience and spotless integrity he adds a remarkable genius for practical administration. More than any one he has made the Park, and the Park is the one great public work of our day in the city which is a pride and not a shame. As Mr. Godkin states in a public letter upon the subject, the Tweed Ring was naturally hostile to him, but every honest citizen has felt that so long as Mr. Olmsted was in a responsible relation to the care of the Park the city would not be disgraced.

The expense of his position at the utmost is to be regarded as an item in the necessary expenses of the Park—necessary because such skilled supervision is essential to the proper maintenance of the public pleasure-ground for its specific purpose. It is not only an inclosure, but a diversified landscape, intended for recreation, and therefore in part for the gratification of the sense of beauty. To intrust it to keepers and laborers and foremen, however honest and worthy, is to take the first step toward the overthrow of the very object for which the Park has been constructed, and to deprive the public of that gratification of eye and mind and imagination which the popular design of the work contemplates. Should the board persist in its purpose, the result will be a public misfortune.

SILVER TRAPS FOR THE UNWARY.

The chief reliance of the supporters of the Silver Bill is the hope that they can persuade those who live by wages that they are grievously wronged by "the money power," and "the moneycrats," and "the Wall Street sharks," and "the bloated bondholders." The advocates of a great public wrong, which can harm nobody so much as those who receive wages, endeavor to represent themselves as peculiarly the friends of that class. Mr. Voorhees, of course, takes this position, and with the same instinct of the demagogue that leads General Ewing to talk about "the people" carrying the House, Mr. Voorhees says that the bond-holders would have the working classes pay them in gold alone. Even the Illinois Silver Convention at Springfield declares that the President's Message contains no comfort for "the struggling masses;" and Mr. Thurlow Weed asserts that making silver legal tender for small sums and not for large is to provide one currency for the poor and another for the rich. The essential mischief in all this talk, which is universal among the advocates of a depreciated and fluctuating legal tender, is that it is not an argument, but an appeal to ignorance and prejudice.

Let any intelligent man look at the facts. In the first place, those who will suffer most from the adoption of silver as an unlimited legal tender are those who live by wages. As we showed last week, they are the creditor class. The amount paid yearly in wages is enormously greater than that paid in interest on bonds; and it is not the bond-holding class, but the wage-receiving class, which is chiefly concerned in receiving a dollar that will buy a hundred cents' worth of bread and not ninety-two cents' worth. It is true that the silver dollar or two silver half dollars will to-day buy as much as other money. But why? Because of the limited quantity coined, mainly for convenience. Let silver be made at once a full legal tender, and the coin which now buys a hundred cents' worth will buy only ninety-two cents' worth. Prices will instantly rise, because gold will remain the universal standard of value, and silver will then represent only its own value, and not as now a gold value. But wages will rise very slowly if at all; for all experience shows that wages are the last to feel the change. How, then, is the laboring-man who lives by wages to be benefited by receiving ninety-two cents instead of a hundred, although it be in silver?

This fact contains, also, the answer to the specious assertion that to make silver legal tender for a limited amount is to provide one currency for the poor and another for the rich. If silver be intrinsically as valuable as gold, this is of course untrue, for gold and silver would then be equal. It is, then, an admission that silver is not equalized with gold, and no well-informed person would allege that the mere fact of making it a full legal tender would equalize it. What, then, is the meaning of the statement that a limited legal tender in silver makes a different currency for the poor and the rich? The intention is this: it is to persuade the poor man, or the receiver of wages, that if silver, which is less valuable than gold, is legal tender for small amounts, his weekly wages, which are small amounts, will be paid to him in silver, and thus, when a silver dollar is worth only ninety-two cents, he would receive for ten dollars only nine hundred and twenty cents, instead of a thousand, while a debt of a thousand dollars could be paid only by its full value. Any intelligent man who receives wages, and who has followed us thus far, will at once see the trick of this assertion. The explanation is here—that so long as silver is for convenience made a limited tender, the silver dollar, although worth intrinsically only ninety-two cents, will pass current as a dollar, in the same way and for the same reason that the smaller copper and nickel coins pass for a value which they do not intrinsically possess. As long as the tender quality of silver is limited, gold and silver coins will be exchangeable at their face value. But the instant they are both made unlimited legal tender, the cheaper metal will expel the dearer, prices will rise, while wages remain stationary, and the incessant fluctuations in value will necessarily confirm and prolong that uncertainty and want of confidence which is now the chief evil of the situation.

PERSONAL.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, the oldest magazine in the world, was started, in 1740, by Edward Cave. Dr. Samuel Johnson was one of its contributors. It is a curious fact that at the foot of the title-page of the first number, under the name of the publisher, occurs the motto: "E pluribus unum." Query: May not this motto have been noticed by some magazine-reading member of that famous body which adopted it as the motto of the United States? The *Gentleman's Magazine* is now edited by Mr. Andrew Chatto, one of its publishers, and the "Table Talk" with which each number concludes, and which is one of its most readable parts, is written by Mr. Chatto.

—An old lady, whose heart is still young, writes as follows to the editor of *Our Children's Songs*—a volume recently published by Harper & Brothers: "Will the editor be pleased to accept my individual thanks for the delightful treat furnished us in the book just published? By what secret sympathy we are thus brought into unison with the editor I can not tell, but certainly a more delightful book of the kind has never met my eyes. Accept of my thanks for the pleasure which I, an old lady, derive from your most delicate selections."

—In the January number of the *Contemporary Review* Mr. R. S. Poole, the distinguished antiquarian and scholar, reviewing the discoveries in Cyprus and at Mycenæ, says of General Di Cesnola's researches: "I can not take leave of them without congratulating General Di Cesnola on the excellent manner in which he has made his record. Much as Englishmen must regret that his collection has gone to America, they can at least study it in the beautiful engravings of the work, though it were well worth a voyage to New York to examine the treasures in detail."

—An accomplished prelate is the Episcopal Bishop of Colombo. Recently, on two successive days, he preached in four churches in four different languages—Cingalese, Burghers (a kind of Dutch), Portuguese, and Tamil. The late Roman Catholic Bishop Timon, of Buffalo, frequently preached in English, French, and German on the same day; and the late Rev. Dr. Cummings, pastor of St. Stephen's, in this city, often preached in French and Italian.

—President Hayes is much commended by newspaper men at Washington for the ease and fidelity with which he performs the many irksome duties of his office. One says: "He rarely fails to devote eight or ten hours a day to the routine work of the White House. Always in good health, and an early riser, he probably devotes a greater number of hours in the week to his official duties than were usually given by any of his recent predecessors."

—General Robert Patterson, one of Philadelphia's most eminent citizens, entered upon his eighty-seventh year on January 12. At the outbreak of the war of 1812 he was appointed first lieutenant in the regular army, and in 1814 became captain. In the war with Mexico he was a major-general of volunteers, and rendered conspicuous service. At the commencement of the rebellion he was appointed to command the Pennsylvania three months' volunteers, whom he led to several encounters with the enemy. At the age of eighty-six General Patterson is as vigorous and alert as most men of sixty, and his fine social qualities are as bright and cheery as ever. He is a gentleman of fortune, and has for many years been one of the leading manufacturers of Pennsylvania.

—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, a prominent member of the British Parliament, a leading turfman, and a great temperance man, is also a wag. He was told the other day that Major O'Gorman intended to make a speech in Parliament opposing the bill for closing public-houses in Ireland on Sunday, and ending with these words: "If this bill pass, there will be nothing for the people of Ireland to do but to break off once and forever from the oppressor, and boldly invoke the God of battles." "He meant, of course," said Sir Wilfrid, demurely, "the god of bottles."

—Senator Beck, Justice Harlan, and ex-Secretary Bristow were all sworn in as members of the United States Supreme Court Bar at the same time by Chief Justice Chase, who spoke of them as "three such big Kentuckians." Each of them weighed upward of two hundred pounds, and one nearly three hundred. Neither had then held any important office, and they felt themselves in an awful presence when taking the oath before a full bench of justices of the United States Supreme Court. Since then one has gone to sit beside those justices, one is a Senator, and the other has been Secretary of the Treasury.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: In the Senate, January 14, Mr. Edmunds (Republican), of Vermont, offered a substitute for the Matthews silver resolution. The substitute declares that the silver dollar of the United States had been long obsolete when the existing loans of the United States were authorized; that gold coin had been the only lawful coin, and that Congress should not legislate to make money at the expense of its creditors; that it is the highest obligation of the United States to pay its debts in such coin as its creditors expected they would be paid in, and that it would be unjust to compel them, or laboring-men either, to receive silver dollars worth ninety-two cents, or any debased money. In the House, a resolution offered by Mr. Kelley permitting the advocates of woman suffrage to present their arguments to the House on the 19th was defeated by a vote of 107 to 140.—The Senate, on the 15th, adopted a resolution requesting the Secretary of the Treasury to report in relation to the sales of bonds since March 4, 1861, payments to the Syndicate, etc. In the House, Mr. Springer, of Illinois, introduced a bill to prevent further contraction of the currency below $350,000,000.—On the 16th, the Senate, by a vote of 19 to 31, refused to refer to the Judiciary Committee the Matthews resolution in favor of paying the bonds in silver.—The House, on the 17th, amended and passed the bill to enable accused persons to testify in their own behalf. Senator Howe, of Wisconsin, introduced a bill for the prevention of strikes.—A majority of the House Committee on Elections reported that Mr. Wigginton was elected from the Fourth District of California, and a minority reported in favor of Mr. Pacheco.

A terrible railroad accident occurred on the Connecticut Western Railroad, on the evening of the 15th ult., just beyond Tariffville, about twelve miles from Hartford. As an excursion train, consisting of two locomotives and nine heavily laden cars, was returning from a Moody and Sankey meeting at Hartford, it fell through the trestle bridge into the Farmington River. Thirteen persons were killed and many wounded.

George H. Pendleton has been elected United States Senator from Ohio, and General John S. Williams United States Senator from Kentucky.

General George B. M'Clellan, on the 15th ult., was inaugurated Governor of New Jersey.

The New Hampshire Democratic State Convention was held at Concord, on the 16th. Frank A. M'Kean, of Nashua, was nominated for Governor, and H. B. Fowler, of Bristol, for Railroad Commissioner.

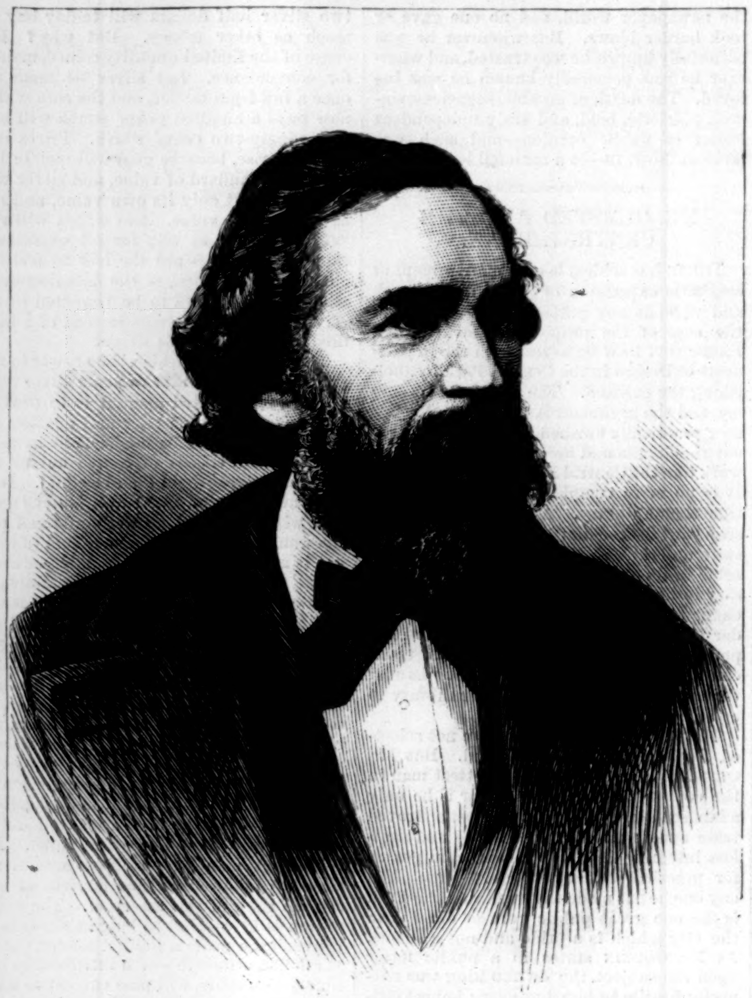
The New York State Senate, on the 16th, rejected the nomination of Charles S. Fairchild, as Superintendent of Public Works. The Legislature, on the 17th, elected Leslie W. Russell and Whitelaw Reid Regents of the University.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: Server Pasha and Namyk Pasha, who were appointed envoys to negotiate for an armistice, left Constantinople, January 15, and met the Grand Duke Nicholas at Tirnova-Semenli on the 18th. After the exchange of preliminary notes, the Grand Duke declared that he would negotiate only at Adrianople, which should be immediately evacuated. The Turkish delegates assented, and immediately telegraphed Djemil Pasha to withdraw his forces from that town.—During the week the Russians continued their march toward Adrianople. On the 14th and 15th, according to a Reuter dispatch, a great battle was fought between Tatar-Bazardjik and Philippopolis, and the Turks subsequently fired both towns. General Skobeleff entered Philippopolis, on the 16th, and extinguished the flames. The Russian van-guard has occupied Eski Saghra and Yeni Saghra, which were evacuated and burned by the inhabitants.—The Turks have bombarded and destroyed the ports of Eupatoria and Yalta, in the Crimea. They also bombarded the towns of Theodosia and Anapa.—It is reported from Tiflis that Ismail Hakki Pasha has offered to surrender Erzerum if allowed to retire with his troops.—An official account of the capture of the Shipka Pass says that 4 pashas, 280 officers, 25,000 men, and 81 guns were captured. The Russians lost in killed and wounded 5464 men.

The British Parliament met on the 17th. The most important passage in the Queen's speech touching the Eastern war was as follows: "Hitherto, so far as the war has proceeded, neither of the belligerents has infringed the conditions on which my neutrality is founded, and I willingly believe both parties are desirous to respect them so far as it may be in their power. So long as these conditions are not infringed, my attitude will continue the same; but I can not conceal from myself that, should hostilities be unfortunately prolonged, some unexpected occurrence may render it incumbent on me to adopt measures of precaution. Such measures could not be effectually taken without adequate preparation, and I trust to the liberality of my Parliament to supply the means which may be required for that purpose." In the course of the debate on the address, in the House of Lords, the Marquis of Salisbury closed with these words: "If you will not trust the government, provide yourselves a government you will trust. If you trust the government, provide it with the proper means of carrying out your confidence."

Victor Emanuel was buried in the Pantheon at Rome on the 17th. The procession was one hour and a half in passing a given point. The costumes in the official portion, including the soldiery, were magnificent, and the effect of the spectacle was brightened by the display of seventy tattered banners. The Crown Prince of Germany, with representatives from Austria, Portugal, and Baden, walked abreast. The effect of the music in the procession was most impressive. The Pantheon was splendidly decorated as a *chapelle ardente*. Daylight was excluded by the Star of Italy veiling the roof. The side chapel of Clement XI. was walled in and draped with gold and crimson.



SAMUEL BOWLES.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.]

SAMUEL BOWLES.

THE death of SAMUEL BOWLES, who breathed his last on the evening of January 16, has deprived American journalism of one of its most noteworthy representatives. The Springfield *Republican*, of which he was the editor, has for many years exercised a national influence in politics. Although published in a comparatively small New England town, half-way between New York and Boston, and overshadowed by the press of both cities, it has held its own for half a century, and is more prosperous and more widely quoted at this moment than ever it was before. It is altogether an exceptional journalistic outgrowth. Impersonal at least in the theory of his treatment of public affairs, it has derived a distinctive personality from its editor. Provincial in its professions and aims, seeking to represent the provincial life by which it is surrounded, it is regarded as a power in the land by the politicians of all parties.

An anomaly of this sort could be produced only in America, for the reason, perhaps, that we have no recognized centre of thought and action, no London or Paris, so that the newspapers of every section are enabled to display whatever is in them with the certainty of adequate consideration. Thus the *Republican*, in spite of its geographical situation, has built up a reputation as solid as that of any of its contemporaries which happen to be issued from cities of ten and twenty times the population of Springfield.

SAMUEL BOWLES, to whom the greater achievements of the *Republican* belong, was the son of the founder of the paper. SAMUEL BOWLES the elder was a Hartford printer, who went to Springfield in 1824, and began the publication of the *Weekly Republican*. SAMUEL BOWLES the second, or rather the third—for his grandfather bore the same name—was born in 1826. He grew up about his father's office. There is a tradition that he got the rudiments of a sound academic education in the schools of Springfield; but as he entered the service of the *Republican* before he was seventeen years of age, it is likely that he evolved the strong and simple writing which marked his editorial style out of an inner consciousness sharpened by contact with types, and purified by the free and early use of printers' ink. Certain it is that he was born, as he was raised, a journalist, owing his success, like so many eminent members of his profession, to the practical tuition of the composing-room.

In 1844 he prevailed upon his father to issue the *Daily Republican*, and from the outset had very much the charge of it. The years 1846–48 brought with them the Mexican war and the telegraph, and, of consequence, a revolution in journalistic practice. At this time "SAM" BOWLES, as his friends always called him, was just of age, full of ambition and ardor, with plenty of work in him; and here he laid the beginnings of the substantial fame and fortune he has enjoyed ever since. He did every thing—edited and made up the paper, helped work it off on an old ADAMS press, acted as mailing clerk, cashier, and reporter—eating, working, and sleeping in the office. The *Daily* became a passion with him. The *Republican* was SAM BOWLES, and SAM BOWLES was the *Republican*. It owed its character entirely to the features impressed upon it by its editor. Its rugged independence of the politicians, its tolerance and entertainment of new and original ideas, its shrewd every-day sense, its extraordinary compilation of news adapted to a certain peculiar audience, whose wants it studies and serves in the minutest way, its racy good nature, varied just enough by an occasional ugly streak or angry flash to give it the needful quantum of snap—all were characteristic of Mr. BOWLES.

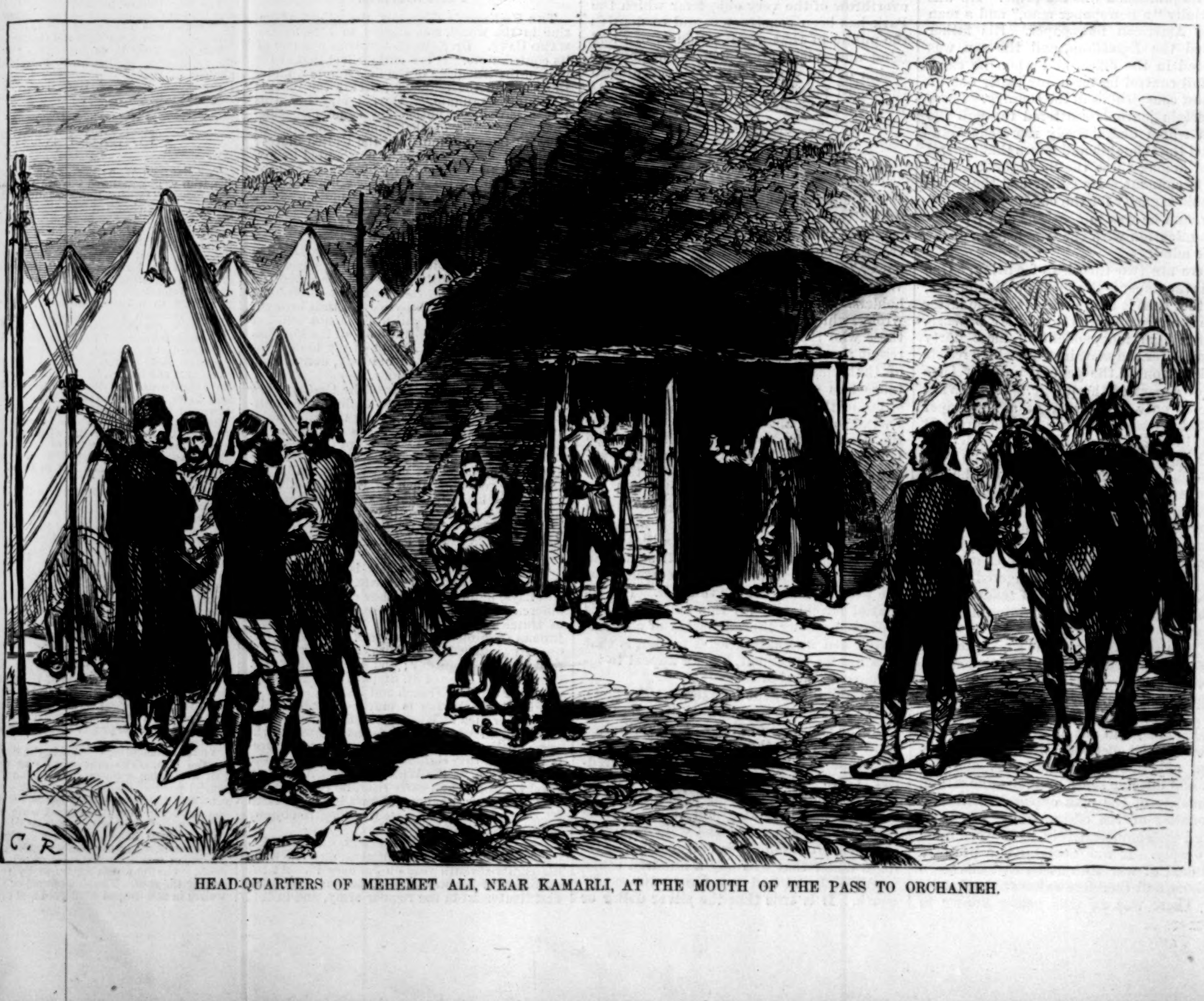
In 1857 Mr. BOWLES was induced to go to Boston as editor of a paper made by the fusion of some half a dozen journals, under the title of *The Boston Daily Traveller*. It was an eight-page paper, modelled on the style of the New York daily journals. It did not take, however, and at the end of about six months Mr. BOWLES resumed the editorship of the Springfield *Republican*, of which he was still the owner. He gave a stanch and vigorous support to the Republican party until 1872, when he opposed the renomination of General GRANT, and in the Liberal Convention at Cincinnati pressed the name of CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS as a candidate for the Presidency. Although deeply disappointed by his failure to carry the Convention, he supported Mr. GREELEY with great warmth and ability. At the same time he disclaimed all party allegiance, and proclaimed the political independence of the *Republican*.

Mr. BOWLES at one time incurred the enmity of the late JIM FISK by comments in the *Republican* on his career as a director of the Erie Railway, and FISK brought a libel suit against the editor for $50,000. One evening in December, 1868, while Mr. BOWLES was talking with some friends in the office of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, he was arrested on papers issued by Judge M'CUNN, and taken hastily to the jail, when the jailor denied him the privilege of writing a note to his wife or of receiving the friends who came to aid him. The numerous offers of bail were refused, as the sheriff declined to be annoyed with such matters after business hours. So Mr. BOWLES slept in Ludlow Street Jail. He was bailed out in the morning, and Mr. FISK's contemptible trick afterward formed the subject of a very spicy correspondence between Mr. BOWLES and FISK's lawyer, in which the editor had decidedly the best of the argument.

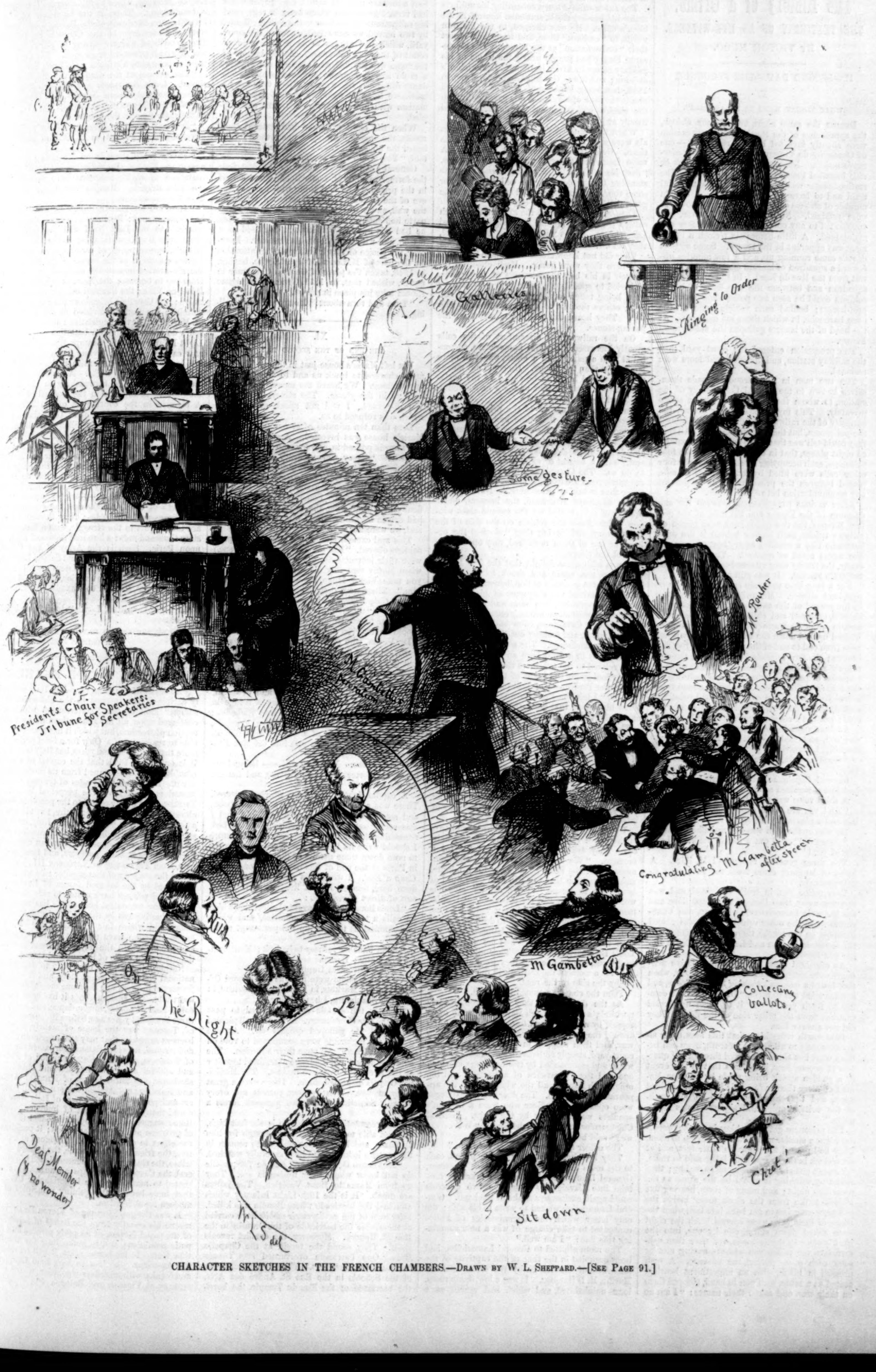
Mr. BOWLES was fond of travel in his own country and abroad. He visited California several times, and his book, *Across the Continent*, was the first really good picture of the Pacific slope which appeared. He was a singularly agreeable man, and was universally esteemed in society. In his family he was genial and hospitable, and some of the brightest men and women in the country were his warm friends and frequent guests. He was always a hard worker. When he supposed that he was about to die, he said, with a smile, to an old friend, "Nothing is the matter with me but thirty-five years of hard work;" and he added afterward, "I was never much of a boy; I had very little boyhood." The immediate cause of his death was paralysis of the brain. He had been ill with congestion of the lungs since the early part of October last, and that malady, combined with a disorder of the heart, caused him acute suffering. Toward the latter part of November he grew worse. On the 1st of December he thought the end had come, and bade his family and friends farewell. During the last two weeks of his life he gradually lost strength, though conscious all the time. He suffered little, was quiet in mind through the afternoon and evening of his last day on earth, and his death was like the peaceful closing of the eyes in sleep.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF MEHEMET ALI.

ON this page we give a picture of the quarters recently occupied by MEHEMET ALI at Kamarli, which is not far south of Orchanieh, on the road between Plevna and Sophia. The Russian advance from the captured stronghold of OSMAN PASHA compelled the abandonment of all the Turkish positions, and the soldiers of the Czar penetrated the passes almost without resistance, where they had expected to fight their way step by step. The city of Sophia was hastily evacuated by the Turks, and immediately occupied by the Russians, who thus obtained a footing south of the Balkans, and an excellent base of operations against Adrianople.



HEAD-QUARTERS OF MEHEMET ALI, NEAR KAMARLI, AT THE MOUTH OF THE PASS TO ORCHANIEH.


Galleries
Ringing to Order
Some Gesture
M. Rouher
M. Gambetta perorating
Presidents Chair
Tribune for Speakers:
Secretaries
Congratulating M Gambetta after speech
M Gambetta
Collecting ballots
The Right
Left
Deaf Member
(& no wonder)
Sit down
Chat!
W L S del

CHARACTER SKETCHES IN THE FRENCH CHAMBERS.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 91.]

[Authorized Translation, printed from Early Sheets.]

The History of a Crime.

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

By Victor Hugo.

II.—SECOND DAY.—THE STRUGGLE.

X.

WHAT FLEURY WENT TO DO AT MAZAS.

During the same night, toward four o'clock, the approaches of the Northern Railway Station were silently invested by two regiments — one of Chasseurs de Vincennes, the other of *gendarmerie mobile*. Numerous squads of *sergents de ville* installed themselves in the terminus. The station-master was ordered to prepare a special train and to have an engine ready. A certain number of stokers and engineers for night service were retained. No explanation, however, was vouchsafed to any one, and absolute secrecy was maintained. A little before six o'clock a movement was apparent in the troops. Some *sergents de ville* came running up, and a few minutes afterward a squadron of lancers emerged at a sharp trot from the Rue du Nord. In the centre of the squadron and between the two lines of horse-soldiers could be seen two police vans drawn by post-horses; behind each vehicle came a little open barouche, in which there sat one man. At the head of the lancers galloped the aid-de-camp Fleury.

The procession entered the court-yard, then the railway station, and the gates and doors were reclosed.

The two men in the barouches made themselves known to the Special Commissary of the station, to whom the aid-de-camp Fleury spoke privately. This mysterious convoy excited the curiosity of the railway officials; they questioned the policemen, but these knew nothing. All that they could tell was that these police vans contained eight places, that in each van there were four prisoners, each occupying a cell, and that the four other cells were filled by four *sergents de ville*, placed between the prisoners, so as to prevent any communication between the cells.

After various consultations between the aid-de-camp of the Élysée and the men of the prefect Maupas, the two police vans were placed on railway trucks, each having behind it the open barouche like a wheeled sentry-box, where a police agent acted as sentinel. The engine was ready, the trucks were attached to the tender, and the train started. It was still pitch-dark.

For a long time the train sped on in the most profound silence. Meanwhile it was freezing; in the second of the two police vans, the *sergents de ville*, cramped and chilled, opened their cells, and, in order to warm and stretch themselves, walked up and down the narrow gangway which runs from end to end of the police vans. Day had broken; the four *sergents de ville* inhaled the outside air and gazed at the passing country through a species of port-hole which borders each side of the ceiling of the passage. Suddenly a loud voice issued from one of the cells which had remained closed, and cried out, "Hey! there! it is very cold; can not I relight my cigar here?"

Another voice immediately issued from a second cell, and said, "What! it is you? Good-morning, Lamoricière!"

"Good-morning, Cavaignac!" replied the first voice.

General Cavaignac and General Lamoricière had just recognized each other.

A third voice was raised from a third cell.

"Ah! you are there, gentlemen. Good-morning, and a pleasant journey."

He who spoke then was General Changarnier.

"Generals!" cried out a fourth voice. "I am one of you!"

The three generals recognized M. Baze. A burst of laughter came from the four cells simultaneously.

This police van, in truth, contained, and was carrying away from Paris, the questor Baze, and the generals Lamoricière, Cavaignac, and Changarnier. In the other vehicle, which was placed foremost on the trucks, there were Colonel Charras, Generals Bedeau and Le Flô, and Count Roger (du Nord).

At midnight these eight Representative prisoners were sleeping in their cells at Mazas, when they heard a sudden knocking at their doors, and a voice cried out to them, "Dress; they are coming to fetch you." "Is it to shoot us?" cried Charras from the other side of the door. They did not answer him.

It is worth remarking that this idea came simultaneously to all. And, in truth, if we can believe what has since transpired through the quarrels of accomplices, it appears that in the event of a sudden attack being made by us upon Mazas to deliver them, a fusillade had been resolved upon, and that St. Arnaud had in his pocket the written order, and signed "Louis Bonaparte."

The prisoners got up. Already on the preceding night a similar notice had been given to them. They had passed the night on their feet, and at six o'clock in the morning the jailer said to them, "You can go to bed." The hours passed by; they ended by thinking it would be the same as the preceding night; and many of them, hearing five o'clock strike from the clock tower inside the prison, were going to get back into bed, when the doors of their cells were opened. All the eight were taken down stairs, one by one, into the clerk's office in the Rotunda, and were then ushered into the police van without having met or seen each other during the passage. A man dressed in black, with an impertinent bearing, seated at a table, with pen in hand, stopped them on their way, and asked their names: "I am no more disposed to tell you my name than I am curious to learn yours," answered General Lamoricière, and he passed outside.

The aid-de-camp Fleury, concealing his uniform under his hooded cloak, stationed himself in the clerk's office. He was charged, to use his own words, to "embark" them, and to go and report their "embarkation" at the Élysée. The aid-de-camp Fleury had passed nearly the whole of his military career in Africa in General Lamoricière's division; and it was General Lamoricière who, in 1848, then being Minister of War, had promoted him to the rank of major. While passing through the clerk's office, General Lamoricière looked fixedly at him.

When they entered the police vans the generals were smoking cigars. They took them from them. General Lamoricière had kept his. A voice from outside cried three separate times, "Stop his smoking!" A *sergent de ville* who was standing by the door of the cell hesitated for some time, but, however, ended by saying to the general, "Throw away your cigar."

Thence, later on, ensued the exclamation which caused General Cavaignac to recognize General Lamoricière. The vehicles having been loaded, they set off.

They did not know either with whom they were or where they were going. Each observed for himself in his box the turnings of the streets, and tried to speculate. Some believed that they were being taken to the Northern Railway Station; others thought to the Havre Railway Station. They heard the trot of the escort on the paving-stones.

On the railway the discomfort of the cells greatly increased. General Lamoricière, encumbered with a parcel and a cloak, was still more jammed in than the others. He could not move; the cold seized him, and he ended by the exclamation which put all four of them in communication with each other.

On hearing the names of the prisoners, their keepers, who up to that time had been rough, became respectful: "I say there," said General Changarnier, "open our cells, and let us walk up and down the passage like yourselves." "General," said a *sergent de ville*, "we are forbidden to do so. The Commissary of Police is behind the carriage in a barouche, whence he sees every thing that is taking place here." Nevertheless, a few moments afterward, the keepers, under pretext of cold, pulled up the ground-glass window which closed the vehicle on the side of the Commissary, and having thus "blocked the police," as one of them remarked, they opened the cells of the prisoners.

It was with great delight that the four Representatives met again and shook hands. Each of these three generals at this demonstrative moment maintained the character of his temperament. Lamoricière, impetuous and witty, throwing himself, with all his military energy, upon "the Bonaparte;" Cavaignac, calm and cold; Changarnier, silent, and looking out through the port-hole at the landscape. The *sergents de ville* ventured to put in a word here and there. One of them related to the prisoners that the ex-prefect Carlier had spent the night of the first and second at the Prefecture of Police. "As for me," said he, "I left the Prefecture at midnight; but I saw him up to that hour, and I can affirm that at midnight he was there still."

They reached Creil, and then Noyon. At Noyon they gave them some breakfast without letting them get out—a hurried morsel and a glass of wine. The Commissaries of Police did not open their lips to them. Then the carriages were reclosed, and they felt they were being taken off the trucks and being replaced on the wheels. Post-horses arrived, and the vehicles set out, but slowly; they were now escorted by a company of infantry *gendarmerie mobile*.

When they left Noyon, they had been ten hours in the police van. Meanwhile the infantry halted. They asked permission to get out for a moment. "We consent," said one of the Commissaries of the Police, "but only for a minute, and on condition that you will give your word of honor not to escape." "We will not give our word of honor," replied the prisoners. "Gentlemen," continued the Commissary, "give it to me only for one minute—the time to drink a glass of water." "No," said General Lamoricière, "the time to do the contrary," and he added, "To Louis Bonaparte's health." They allowed them to get out, one by one, and they were able to inhale for a moment the fresh air in the open country by the side of the road.

Then the convoy resumed its march.

As the day waned, they saw through their port-hole a mass of high walls, somewhat overtopped by a great round tower. A moment afterward the carriages entered beneath a low archway, and then stopped in the centre of a long court-yard, steeply embanked, surrounded by high walls, and commanded by two buildings, of which one had the appearance of a barrack, and the other, with bars at all the windows, had the appearance of a prison. The doors of the carriages were opened. An officer who wore a captain's epaulets was standing by the steps. General Changarnier came down the first. "Where are we?" said he.

The officer answered, "You are at Ham."

They led them separately to the prison, each to the room that was allotted to him. However, General Lamoricière having been taken by mistake into Cavaignac's room, the two generals could again exchange a shake of the hand. General Lamoricière wished to write to his wife; the only letter which the Commissaries of Police consented to take charge of was a note containing this line: "I am well."

The room allotted to General Lamoricière had been occupied in the time of the captivity of the Ministers of Charles X. by the ex-Minister of Marine, M. D'Haussez. It was a low, damp room, long uninhabited, and which had served as a chapel, adjoining the dreary archway which led from one court-yard to the other; floored with great planks, slimy and mouldy, to which the foot adhered; papered with a gray paper which had turned green, and which hung in rags, exuding saltpetre from the floor to the ceiling; lighted by two barred windows looking on to the court-yard, which had always to be left open on account of the smoky chimney. At the bottom of the room was the bed, and between the windows a table and two straw-bottomed chairs. The damp ran down the walls. When General Lamoricière left this room, he carried away rheumatism with him; M. D'Haussez went out crippled.

When the eight prisoners had entered their rooms, the doors were shut upon them; they heard the bolts shot from outside, and they were told, "You are in close confinement."

General Cavaignac occupied on the first floor the former room of M. Louis Bonaparte, the best in the prison. The first thing which struck the eye of the General was an inscription traced on the wall, and stating the day when Louis Bonaparte had entered this fortress, and the day when he had left it, as is well known, disguised as a mason, and with a plank on his shoulder. Moreover, the choice of this building was an attention on the part of M. Louis Bonaparte, who, having, in 1848, taken the place of General Cavaignac in power, wished that, in 1851, General Cavaignac should take his place in prison.

"Turn and turn about!" Morny had said, smiling.

XI.

THE END OF THE SECOND DAY.

We left Marie's house just in time. The regiment charged to track us and to arrest us was approaching. We heard the measured steps of soldiers in the gloom. The streets were dark. We dispersed. I will not speak of a refuge which was refused to us.

Less than ten minutes after our departure M. Marie's house was invested. A swarm of guns and swords poured in, and overran it from cellar to attic. "Every where! every where!" cried the chiefs. The soldiers sought us with considerable energy. Without taking the trouble to lean down and look, they ransacked under the beds with bayonet-thrusts. Sometimes they had difficulty in withdrawing the bayonets which they had driven into the wall. Unfortunately for this zeal, we were not there.

This zeal came from higher sources. The poor soldiers obeyed. "Kill the Representatives!" such were their instructions. It was at this moment when Morny sent this dispatch to Maupas: "If you take Victor Hugo, do what you like with him." These were their politest phrases. Later on, the *Coup d'État*, in its decree of banishment, called us "those individuals!" which caused Schœlcher to say these haughty words: "These people do not even know how to exile politely."

Dr. Véron, who publishes in his *Mémoires* the Morny-Maupas dispatch, adds: "M. De Maupas sent to look for Victor Hugo at the house of his brother-in-law, M. Victor Foucher, counsellor to the Court of Cassation. He did not find him."

An old friend, a man of heart and of talent, M. Henry d'E——, had offered me a refuge in rooms which he occupied in the Rue Richelieu; these rooms, adjoining the Théâtre Français, were on the first floor of a house which, like M. Grévy's residence, had an exit into the Rue Fontaine Molière.

I went there. M. Henry d'E—— being from home, his porter was awaiting me, and handed me the key.

A candle lighted the room which I entered. There was a table near the fire, a blotting-book, and some paper. It was past midnight, and I was somewhat tired; but, before going to bed, foreseeing that if I should survive this adventure I should write its history, I resolved immediately to note down some details of the state of affairs in Paris at the end of this day, the second of the *Coup d'État*. I wrote this page, which I reproduce here, because it is a life-like portrayal—a sort of direct photograph:

"Louis Bonaparte has invented something which he calls a 'Consultative Committee,' and which he commissions to draw up the postscript of his crimes.

"Léon Faucher refuses to be in it; Montalembert hesitates; Baroche accepts.

"Falloux despises Dupin.

"The first shots were fired at the Record Office. In the Markets, in the Rue Rambuteau, in the Rue Beaubourg, I heard firing.

"Fleury, the aid-de-camp, ventured to pass down the Rue Montmartre. A musket-ball pierced his képi. He galloped quickly off. At one o'clock the regiments were summoned to vote on the *Coup d'État*. All gave their adhesion. The students of law and medicine assembled together at the École des Droits to protest. The Municipal Guards dispersed them. There were a great many arrests. This evening, patrols are every where. Sometimes an entire regiment forms a patrol.

"Representative Hespel, who is six feet high, was not able to find a cell long enough for him at Mazas, and he has been obliged to remain in the porter's lodge, where he is carefully watched.

"Mesdames Odillon Barrot and de Tocqueville do not know where their husbands are. They go from Mazas to Mont Valérien. The jailers are dumb. It is the 19th Light Infantry which attacked the barricade where Baudin was killed. Fifty men of the *gendarmerie mobile* have carried at the double the barricade of the Oratoire in the Rue St. Honoré. Moreover, the conflict reveals itself. They sound the tocsin at the Chapelle Bréa. One barricade overturned sets twenty barricades on their feet. There is the barricade of the Schools in the Rue St. André des Arts, the barricade of the Rue du Temple, the barricade of the Carréfour Phélippeaux, defended by twenty young men, who have all been killed; they are reconstructing it; the barricade of the Rue de Bretagne, which at this moment Courtigis is bombarding. There is the barricade of the Invalides, the barricade of the Barrière des Martyres, the barricade of the Chapelle St. Denis. The councils of war are sitting in permanence, and order all prisoners to be shot. The 30th of the line have shot a woman. Oil upon fire.

"The colonel of the 49th of the line has resigned. Louis Bonaparte has appointed in his place Lieutenant-Colonel Négrier. M. Brun, officer of the police of the Assembly, was arrested at the same time as the questors.

"It is said that fifty members of the majority have signed a protest at M. Odillon Barrot's house.

"This evening there is an increasing uneasiness at the Élysée. Incendiarism is feared. Two battalions of engineer-sappers have re-enforced the Fire Brigade. Maupas has placed guards over the gasometers.

"Here are the military talons by which Paris has been grasped: Bivouacs at all the strategical points. At the Pont Neuf and the Quai aux Fleurs, the Municipal Guards; at the Place de la Bastille, twelve pieces of cannon, three mortars, lighted matches; at the corner of the Faubourg, the six-storied houses are occupied by soldiers from top to bottom; the Marulaz brigade at the Hôtel de Ville; the Sauboul brigade at the Panthéon; the Courtigis brigade at the Faubourg St. Antoine; the Renaud division at the Faubourg St. Marceau. At the Legislative Palace, the Chasseurs de Vincennes and a battalion of the 15th Light Infantry; in the Champs Élysées, infantry and cavalry; in the Avenue Marigny, artillery. Inside the Circus is an entire regiment; it has bivouacked there all night. A squadron of the Municipal Guard is bivouacking in the Place Dauphine. A bivouac in the Council of State. A bivouac in the court-yard of the Tuileries. In addition, the garrisons of St. Germain and of Courbevoie. Two colonels killed — Loubeau, of the 75th, and Quilio. On all sides hospital attendants are passing, bearing litters. Ambulances are every where; in the Bazar de l'Industrie (Boulevard Poissonnière); in the Salle St. Jean, at the Hôtel de Ville; in the Rue de Petit Carreau. In this gloomy battle nine brigades are engaged. All have a battery of artillery; a squadron of cavalry maintains the communications between the brigades: forty thousand men are taking part in the struggle, with a reserve of sixty thousand men: a hundred thousand soldiers upon Paris. Such is the Army of the Crime. The Reibell brigade, the First and Second Lancers, protect the Élysée. The Ministers are all sleeping at the Ministry of the Interior, close by Morny. Morny watches, Magnan commands. To-morrow will be a terrible day."

This page written, I went to bed, and fell asleep.

END OF THE SECOND DAY OF THE "HISTORY OF A CRIME."

ITALY AND VICTOR EMANUEL.

The death of the King of united Italy naturally excites a new interest in the history of that summer land of the Mediterranean which has conferred upon all modern nations its own conception of freedom, but which it has scarcely been able to realize itself. Only for a brief period, for more than two thousand years, has Italy been free. It is only since 1871 that the capital of ancient republicanism has escaped from its modern Tarquins. During all these ages of tyranny the animated story of Livy, the perpetual lament of Tacitus, must have seemed to the people of Rome almost idle fables or bitter satire, the picture of a past that never could return. Italy, once the spoiler of the world, has been the ceaseless prey of every modern conqueror. German emperors, French kings, Spanish usurpers, and foreign despots, from Theodoric to Napoleon III., have insulted the majesty of that popular rule which was signalized by the lowered fasces of Publicola; popes and princes have united to rifle the treasures of the wonderful land which has never lost its productiveness in the midst of ceaseless disasters, and whose fair climate, fertile soil, and happy situation have made it no less populous and productive in the days of Victor Emanuel than it was in those of Strabo and Cæsar.

Nothing, indeed, has been able to destroy the national characteristics of Italy, and it has still preserved in every age the same mental and physical traits. In modern times it has been the peculiar land of poetry, music, dance, and song, and three thousand years ago, before Rome was founded, Tuscany was the home of melody, Etruscan harpers sang airs that may still re-echo in *Norma* and *Ernani*, Etruscan dancers surpassed the grace of Taglioni, a gentler Grisi warbled at Fiesole, and skillful artists with pencil and chisel foreshadowed the finest labors of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle. Amidst the sensual dreams of art and poetry in another part of Italy were produced many of the noblest of human thoughts. Rome suggested and almost embodied the ideas of progress and of popular rights; it perished in the effort to enforce them. Tribunes and dictators, the friends of the people, the leaders of the tribes, the Gracchi (most accomplished of reformers), the Catos, and perhaps a Brutus, have suggested to mankind those imperishable thoughts that have become the guiding principles of all modern republicanism.

It was the good fortune of Victor Emanuel to rescue his country from the hands of foreigners, of the papal faction, of its petty princes and despotic politicians, and to make Italy for the first time free. In his happy reign, it will be related, the Austrians, who had so long held Lombardy and Venice with merciless resolution, whose cruel tyranny at Vicenza and Bologna was repaid by every patriotic Italian with unutterable hate, were at last expelled from Italian soil by the aid of imperial France. Then Garibaldi crossed from Sicily to Naples, and chased the Bourbons from Italy forever. He would have captured Rome itself, but Victor Emanuel was held back by European policy, and the Roman patriots were shot down by French Chassepots at disastrous Mentana. A few weeks ago at Mentana a memorable celebration was held in honor of those who had perished on that fatal day. Rome poured out its thousands of exulting patriots, the government and the people were represented, and profuse wreaths of flowers, laudatory addresses, and a sincere grief were lavished upon the immortal dead who had fallen not in vain. It was a scene over which Gracchus might have exulted and Cicero declaimed.

But the chief victory of the Sardinian king was over that religious intolerance which for eight hundred years has had its chief seat in Italy. No such startling change has passed over any modern nation; in none has the progress of humanity been so conspicuous and so swift. In 1840 the Vaudois valleys still rang with the cries of the persecutors, and the papal forces still held in timid submission the modest Church of the Alps. At Florence in 1855 to read the Bible was a penal offense. Cecchetti was imprisoned for one year in the House of Correction. The following is a part of his accusation: "On the evening of the 16th December, 1854, the public officers having proceeded to make an examination of the house of Cecchetti, found him in the company of Ciolli and of two of his own sons, seated at a small table, on which there was lying open a copy of the Bible translated by Diodati, another copy shut, a third being found in the drawer of the said table." The poor cigar-maker was sent to prison among the common convicts. Such was the intolerance of Florence in 1854. The story of the Madiai, well known to all Europe, completes the singular picture. Tuscany in 1854 was ruled by the bitterest leaders of the ultramontanes. And as we advance farther toward the south, the horrors of a religious tyranny deepen. In the Romagna and at Bologna in 1851 men and women were tortured, beaten, imprisoned, for comparatively slight offenses against the papal rule. At Fermo one man perished under the horrible torments inflicted upon him by an instrument called the *mordacchia*, a kind of gag; he was accused of blasphemy. At Rome the ultramontanes, with hearts of stone, filled the prisons with intelligent republicans; the Inquisition was revived; a secret association of priests watched for the first breath of heresy; the Papal Zouaves were as frightful to Roman citizens as a band of foreign brigands; and all over Italy the very name of priest was loathed and hated by the people. It is impossible to describe, it would be well to forget, the unutterable abhorrence with which every intelligent Italian of 1854 looked upon his clerical tyrants and oppressors. But it still survives, and men in Italy shrink away in horror as they see priest or monk pass by.

To this system of clerical intolerance Victor Emanuel, directed by Cavour, opposed a prudent and bold resistance. In March, 1849, he succeeded his father, who had abdicated, defeated by the Austrians, but whose liberal policy had already made itself felt in Italy. Sardinia and Turin were already the centres of Italian progress, and even the once persecuted Vaudois had been received with joyful acclamations in the city where their ancestors had perished by thousands in chains and tortures. The new king broke up monasteries and religious establishments, expelled the Jesuits, planted schools, planned railways, and filled nearly all Italy with the plain evidences of modern civilization. The petty dukes and princelets fled before Garibaldi and the Sardinians. Florence, where, a few years before, the Bible was a proscribed book and Protestants sent to the House of Correction, became the capital of a new kingdom, and the seat of a perfect toleration. Bologna, red with the massacres inspired by the Austrians and the papal bishops, became, almost in a moment, the home of a purer faith. In Turin, Milan, and Florence the Vaudois had their missionaries, and Protestant congregations sprang up in cities and villages where the voice of reform had never been heard since the Inquisition of 1540 passed like a deadly malaria over reviving Italy.

In 1870, so complete had been the change, in one city alone religious intolerance held its antiquated reign, and Rome still upheld its warfare against modern civilization, aided by the arms of France. The alliance was chiefly disastrous to the latter. The victory of Germany threw down the last barrier to a united Italy. Victor Emanuel marched into Rome in a triumphal procession more memorable for his country and the world than all the pageants of the imperial history. The capital of Italy became a centre of religious freedom. The Protestant was no more expelled from its burial-places, nor the reformer hidden in its dungeons. Victor Emanuel has made Rome a new city, has broken up its swarming religious establishments, opened its pestilential streets, filled it with new buildings, revived and purified the venerable home of freedom, and fulfilled the hopes of united Italy. This he has been able to do solely as the representative of the Italian people. A constitutional king, the consul of a republican nation, he has held his way firmly and securely only because he has bowed, like Publicola, before the will of the majority. His son, Prince Humbert, who succeeds him, will, it is said, imitate him closely, and it is certain that the intelligence of Italy will suffer no reactionary tendencies in its government, and that the course of freedom in the peninsula must be ever onward.

One quality Victor Emanuel possessed that may well be imitated by his successor. His courage never failed him. In breaking up the religious establishments of Italy, confiscating the enormous property of the Church, restoring it to the people, dissolving religious orders, enfranchising the clergy, enforcing toleration, he performed a task surrounded by perils, and one that few political leaders would care to undertake. In setting free the Romagna, expelling the papal forces, in overturning forever the temporal rule, seizing upon Rome, he exposed his life to the assassin's dagger, and braved the excommunication of the enraged Church. At the risk of life, his throne, his spiritual hopes, the Sardinian king prosecuted reform in Italy. For nearly thirty years he has remained true to the principles of progress. He has founded free schools in spite of the maledictions of the ultramontanes; he has built railways, ports and harbors, tunnels, bridges, where a dull conservatism looked upon them with horror; he has roused a whole nation from the slumber of centuries of decay.

Upon what a past does the new ruler of Italy look as he sits on the throne of Romulus! The seven tall hills covered with forests; the simple Latin monarchy; the rise of freedom, its victories, its fall; Rome the mistress of the world; Rome trodden down by the barbarians; the rise of the papacy; the spiritual tyranny; the revolt of the north; the horrors of many a religious war; the modern Rome captured by the arms of Italy, and once more dedicated to a higher freedom. Yet it is only by ceaseless pains and perils that freedom can be saved. Its deadly foes are active every where. In America, in Italy, cowardice will never save a state, and the example of Victor Emanuel may afford instruction to every patriot.

Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A survey of the silver mines situated on the Comstock Lode, in Nevada, was carried on in 1877 by Professor J. A. Church, of the Ohio A. and M. College, at Columbus, acting as a member of the party of Lieutenant Wheeler. The structure of the vein was carefully mapped on all levels from about 1000 feet below the surface down to the depth of 2000 feet, and many facts of great interest were developed. The extreme heat experienced in these mines, ranging from 84° F. in old drifts through which strong air currents are passing, to 116° F. in freshly opened workings, makes the question of temperature an unusually important one. Professor Church ascertained that the source of this heat is the decomposition of the rocks under the agency of atmospheric influences. The thick sheets of lava lying upon the vein are undergoing slow combustion, which appears to be finished in the upper 1000 feet of rock. Below that the combustion is known to be going on for nearly 1500 feet further. At a depth of 2400 feet no increase nor decrease of temperature has been discovered, the amount of heat appearing to be nearly uniform. These circumstances present the curious question whether the miners will be able to cut through the hot zone of rock and reach a cooler one at a lower depth. This can not be determined until something authoritative is learned of the depth to which meteoric waters and atmospheric air penetrate. But the conclusion, so far as the facts learned will sustain any opinion, is that the decomposition of the rocks extends quite as deep as the resources of mining are likely to hold out, and therefore that the Comstock mines will continue to be hot, though not increasingly so. The mines were found to cut through singular bands of hot and cold rocks disposed vertically. Observations were also made upon meteorology, surface geology, and the engineering of the mines. The Sutro Tunnel was also examined.

A singular phenomenon has excited attention during the past autumn on the shores of the United States in the occurrence of enormous schools of cod-fish of unprecedented extent, something different from and far beyond the usual autumnal immigration. They are quite large, averaging about twenty pounds, and have now been caught from Gloucester to Cape Cod and around to Nantucket and No Man's Land. About Gloucester a single line fisherman will take 1500 pounds in a day, while at Nantucket in certain instances 2500 pounds have been taken in the same time.

The fact of finding in these fish hooks of the French pattern, only used on the Grand Banks, renders it quite certain that the fish have made a very long journey, and it will be a matter of much interest to ascertain the peculiar physical or biological conditions of the ocean which have caused this stampede.

The fishing for this new school is prosecuted in dories and small boats, at a distance of from three to five miles from the shore.

Dr. Petermann is extremely complimentary in his notices and criticisms of Stanley's discoveries past and present, and calls him the Bismarck of African exploration, who has succeeded in showing the connection of previous isolated researches, and clearing up the entire geography of Africa, just as Bismarck has made one great empire of a number of single states.

The death of Dr. George Hadley, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Buffalo, is recorded as having taken place in that city on the 16th of October.

A recent post-mortem examination showed that the death of Pongo, the gorilla, which excited so much interest in Berlin and London, was caused by acute inflammation of the bowels, the same disease which is so fatal to young children.

A very interesting fact is announced by Professor Cope in the discovery of fossil fishes in Dakota identical in genera if not in species with those of Mount Lebanon, in Syria, and in Germany.

Another somewhat parallel fact is the recent detection in England by Mr. Newton of fossil fishes first described from North America.

Professor John Darby, in charge of the chair of Natural History and Chemistry in the East Alabama College, at Auburn, died at the age of seventy-four in August, 1877, closing a long life devoted to scientific pursuits. A native of Massachusetts, and a graduate of Williams College, most of his life was spent in the South, first in Columbia and then in Macon, although for a single year he occupied the chair of Mathematics in Williams College. He was an enthusiastic botanist, and published in 1855 a work on the botany of the Southern States, which served as an excellent text-book of study in Southern institutions. He also published a class-book of chemistry.

In August, 1876, a committee was appointed by the American Association for the Advancement of Science to arrange for an International Geological Exhibition and Congress to be held in Paris in 1878. This consisted of the following persons: Messrs. William B. Rogers, James Hall, J. W. Dawson, J. S. Newberry, T. Sterry Hunt, R. Pumpelly, and C. H. Hitchcock, together with T. H. Huxley for England, O. Torell for Sweden, and E. H. von Baumhauer for Holland. Professor James Hall was chosen chairman, and Dr. T. Sterry Hunt secretary. A circular was prepared and distributed to the principal scientific societies and academies throughout the world, which met with the most hearty response, and there is every prospect of an extremely successful conference on the occasion in question. Professor Lesley, Professor Ramsay, and the presidents for the time being of the geological societies of France, London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Berlin, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Austria have been invited to form part of the Commission. A committee has been appointed by the Geological Society of France; and a circular issued by them, bearing date of July 31, invites all those interested in this study and desirous of participating in the conference to subscribe twelve francs, which will give a card of admission to the Congress and right to all the publications thereof. Those proposing to attend the conference are requested to send a memorandum of the communications which they desire to make. This conference is to be held in Paris on the 19th of August, 1878, and will remain in session two weeks. Correspondence relating to the Congress should be addressed to Dr. Jannetaz, Secrétaire-Général, Rue des Grands-Augustins, 7, Paris, France.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Applications for space in the Paris Exposition have been received by Commissioner M'Cormick to the number of 619. These are as follows: From New York, 307; Pennsylvania, 111; Massachusetts, 47; New Jersey, 25; Ohio, 24; Connecticut, 22; Illinois, 20; Rhode Island, 10; Michigan, 7; Missouri, 7; Maryland, 5; Virginia, 4; Vermont, 4; Iowa, 3; Delaware, 3; District of Columbia, 2; Minnesota, 2; Maine, 2; Tennessee, 2; Indiana, 2; Wisconsin, 2; California, 2; Louisiana, 2; Kentucky, 2; Americans in France, 2. Probably many New York and Philadelphia agents have applied for space for exhibits manufactured in other parts of the United States; but in the absence of positive official knowledge, they are credited to New York State and Pennsylvania. These exhibits have been classified, and the successful applicants have been, or will be, notified by mail. There are, however, only about 25,000 square feet of space available in the main Exposition Building, and about 100,500 square feet have been applied for, the machinery alone, exclusive of agricultural implements, demanding 30,000 square feet. Consequently a building must be erected on the grounds for the accommodation of the more bulky exhibits, and many must be refused for want of space.

The new storm signal of the United States Service came into use on January 1. It will be known as the "cautionary off-shore signal," and consists of a white flag with a square black centre, shown above a red flag with a square black centre, by day, or a white light shown above a red light by night. The display of this signal will often follow, and must be distinguished from, the usual "cautionary signal," which is a square red flag with a square black centre by day, or a red light at night. This retains, whenever shown alone, its usual meaning, that is, it calls for caution in view of an approaching storm, and is so "cautionary" with reference to winds blowing from any direction. The cautionary off-shore signal, that is, a white flag with black square in the centre, shown above a red flag with a square black centre, by day, or a white light shown above a red light by night, is "cautionary" with reference to winds expected to blow from a northern or western direction, or off shore at or near the place at which it may be shown.

Specimens of confectionery colored with chromate of lead were recently exhibited at a meeting of the Health Association.

It has been proposed that a Memorial Association be formed by the friends of Daniel Webster for the purpose of collecting unpublished facts in his history, which may eventually be made into an additional published record of his life and character.

Rapid transit from one end of our city to the other seems about to be realized. Every day there is perceptible progess made on the New York Elevated and the Gilbert railways. The legal impediments which have hindered the progress of the roads in months past have been in a measure removed, and business men and citizens generally are looking forward to the early summer, when it is expected that both these elevated railways will be in successful operation.

The Victor Emanuel gold medal of merit was presented to Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, on January 12, at Rome. A sealed letter from the late king was opened and read at the presentation, which spoke in very flattering terms of Mr. Stanley's achievements.

During the past six months the thoughtful kindness of the public has supplied Bellevue, Charity, and other hospitals with no less than 55,000 newspapers and magazines. This has been done through the medium of the "newspaper boxes" placed in various parts of the city. The box at St. Paul's Church received the largest number—16,785 papers; 14,857 were deposited in the box at the Grand Central Dépôt, and 13,887 in the one in front of the New York Hotel. These boxes are emptied every day, and the papers are much valued by the hospital patients.

There are now in Peru between 60,000 and 70,000 Chinese. Formerly they were carried to Peru under the "contract" or cooly system, and many abuses were practiced in connection with it. But by a recent treaty between the Peruvian and Chinese governments the Chinamen now go only of their own free-will. They are welcomed by the Peruvians, and efforts are made to increase immigration to Peru. Arrangements are being perfected for a new line of steamers to run between Asia and Peru.

The telephone has been tried between Dover and Calais with perfect success.

An exchange informs us that 220 street lamps at Providence, Rhode Island, which extended over a distance of several miles, are now lighted and extinguished by electricity, in less than a quarter of a minute, by one man.

Diphtheria has been peculiarly fatal this winter in many towns of Vermont and Connecticut. The immediate cause is believed to be sewer gas.

The Norristown *Herald* remarks: "The coming dress for ladies doesn't touch the pavement by about three inches. This will obviate the necessity of ladies wishing they had three hands when out promenading; but some new method will have to be devised to keep the sidewalks swept clean."

At a recent monthly meeting of the Municipal Reform Association of this city a report was read giving a description of a tour through the streets in different parts of the city, and of the condition in which they were found. This report states that the police authorities confess that the work of street-cleaning is done without any regular system. Many suggestive facts are given in the report, some of which we give in condensed form:

"In London, with 1410⅜ miles of pavement, every principal street is swept once in twenty-four hours; secondary streets three times a week; all others at least twice."

Similar regulations are enforced in Liverpool and in Manchester.

"In Boston, with seventy miles of pavement and 200 miles of Macadam, the principal streets are swept every morning before eight o'clock, all others twice a week, the Macadam once a week, and all gutters flushed and cleansed weekly. In Philadelphia, with 600 miles of pavement, the principal thoroughfares are cleaned six times a week, secondary streets three times a week, and the whole city is thoroughly cleaned once a week. In New York, with 250 miles of pavement, the authorities claim to sweep her principal streets three times a week, and her other streets once a week. If the claim were well founded, she takes rank below every other important city above mentioned."

In London the annual cost of street-cleaning is about $1258 a mile; in Liverpool, about $1291 a mile; in Manchester, $285 a mile. In Boston it cost in 1876 $974 a mile for street-cleaning, including the removal of ashes and garbage, and deducting what was received from sales of garbage. In Philadelphia—basing the estimate on what was spent during the first ten months of the year—street-cleaning cost in 1877 $550 a mile. New York spent in 1877 for street-cleaning, exclusive of removing dead animals, etc., $2900 a mile, and "asks for the year 1878 for $1,077,640, or $4310 per mile." And the report concludes: "These figures need no commentary."

SKETCHES IN THE FRENCH CHAMBERS.

Mr. Sheppard's character sketches on page 89 will give our readers a good idea of the popular branch of the French legislature. The sketches were made the day M. Gambetta delivered his great speech against the threatened usurpation of President M'Mahon. The French Assembly is one of the most excitable legislative bodies in the world, and violent scenes occur at almost every important debate. Members shout and gesticulate as if they had suddenly gone mad, and often the presiding officer has hard work to preserve order and decorum.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A passenger train on an Irish railway a few days since ran over an intoxicated fellow on the track. He was so insensible to the magnitude of his misfortune as to remark to the guard, as he looked at his own lacerated limbs, "Arrah, now, this is too bad—I didn't mane to stop the train."

"Ma," said a little girl, "what is all this fuss about trade-marks? Is it the trade-marks that make so many wrinkles in pa's forehead?"

A tailor, in skating, fell through the ice; he was afterward heard to declare that he would never again leave his "hot goose" for a "cold duck."

A newspaper editor says, "We have received a notice of marriage for insertion, to which was appended the original announcement, 'Sweethearts at a distance will please accept this intimation.'"

"Yes, gentlemen, certainly, of course," said a polite clothier, "if you want a pair of pants, step right into my pantry; if a vest, walk right up to my vestry; and if a coat—here, Jacob, show this gentleman into the coterie. This way, this way, gentlemen."

An Aberdonian recently bought a horse by photograph, thus literally getting the carte before the horse.

"I suppose you miss your husband very much," he remarked to the charming relict. "Miss him! Of course I do. He was very useful in attending to the fire, winding up the clock, and turning out the gas."

"Well, may I hope, then, dear, that at some future time I may have the happiness of making you my wife?" "Yes, I hope so, I'm sure," she replied, "for I'm getting tired of suing fellows for breach of promise."

"Och," said a love-sick Hibernian, "what a recreation it is to be dying of love! It sets the heart aching so delicately there's no taking a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain."

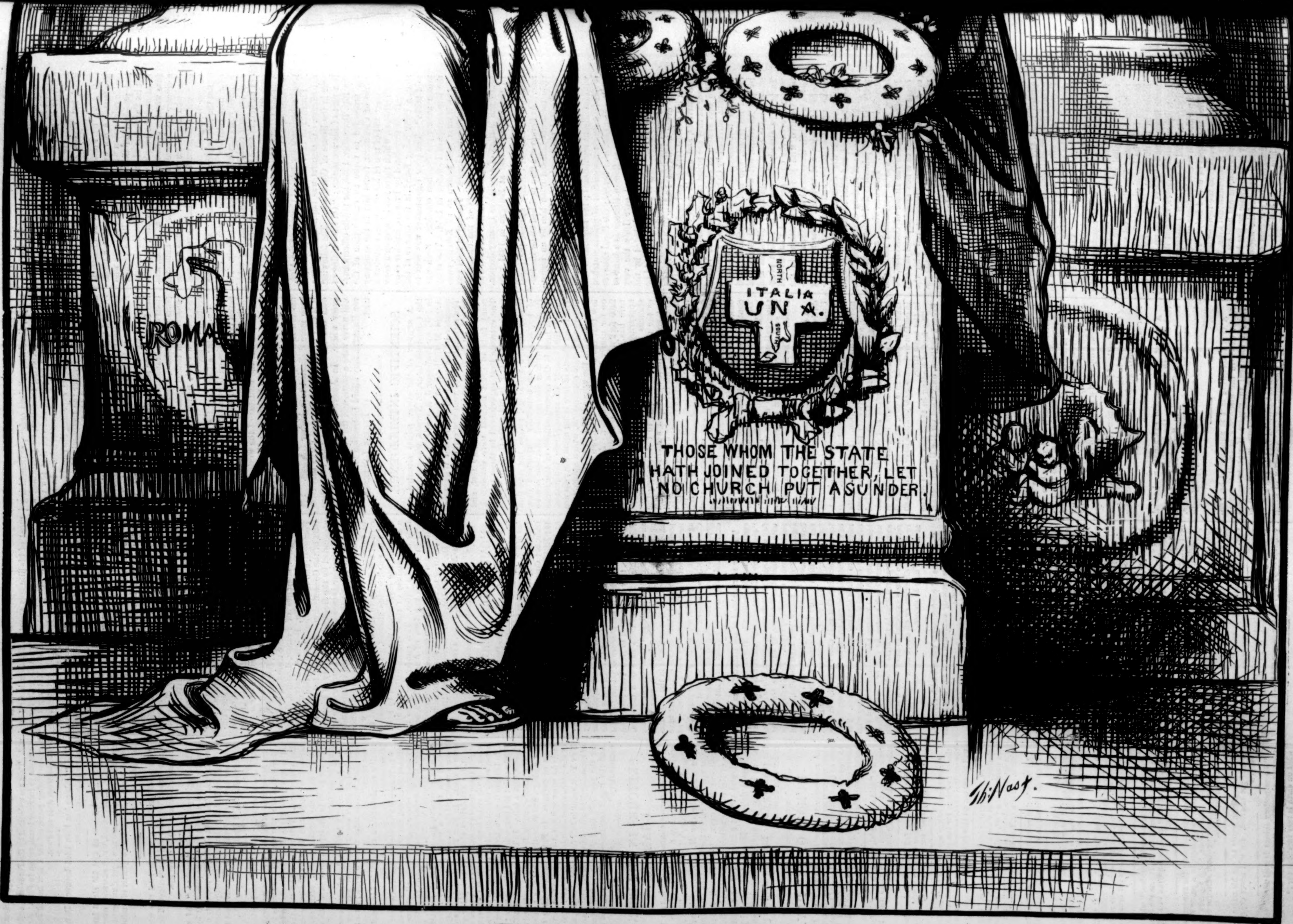
Civilized Poultry.—Among the announcements of articles offered for exchange, in a paper specially devoted to such transactions, there appears the following: "Wanted, a drawing-room suite for two portable fowl-houses on wheels."

If a young man wants to see his name in a paper, let him get married. He will never enjoy his death notice.

"Them pottery things is real nice," said Mrs. Veneering, at Brown's; "me and my daughter Maria has got the rage, you know, and buy all we kin git. But what on earth is they intended for?"

A WOMAN'S ARGUMENT.

Young Wife. "My dear, don't be eternally finding fault with the fashion. If you don't like the style of my hair, don't dress yours in that way, that's all. If I were to follow your example I should have to wear my hair bald-headed." [*Husband collapses.*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SOUTH
THOSE WHOM THE STATE
HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET
NO CHURCH PUT ASUNDER.
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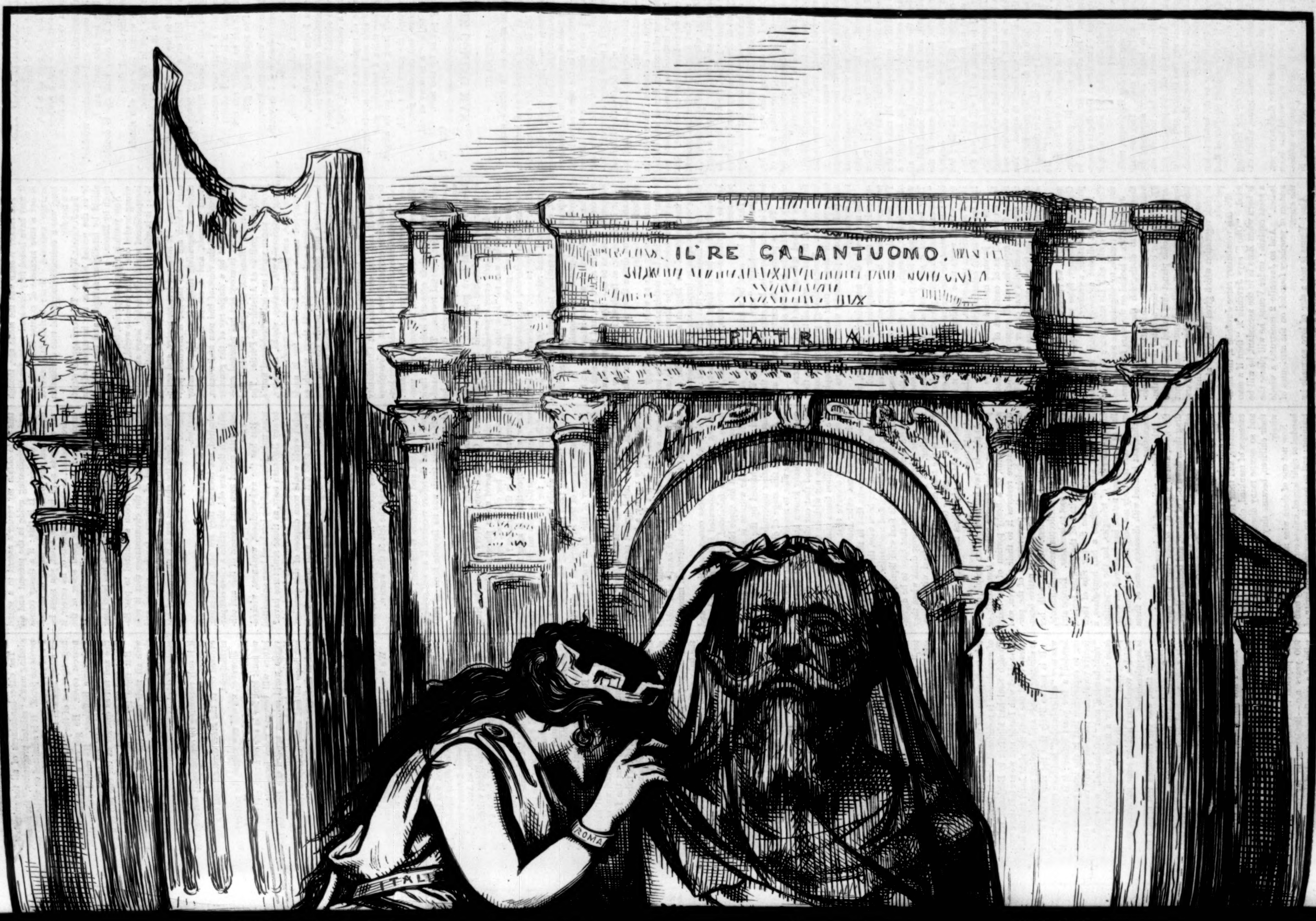
"ITALIANS, YOUR FIRST KING IS DEAD."

Italia. "My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar, and I must pause till it come back to me."—Shakspeare.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THREESCORE AND TEN.

'Tis hard to be a man
With head as gray as a bat,
To find that life's but a span—
And a very fast span at that.

With rheumatism awry,
With coughs and wheezings troubled,
Not long for this world am I,
Though my body with age is doubled.

A stock-imprisoned slave
Is the wretch like me, who stands
With one foot in the grave,
And one in the doctor's hands.

It seems to me I'm designed
To be laid on a medicine shelf,
Where I'll part with my peace of mind,
And be almost beside myself.

I once had a heart very stout,
But now it is weak, I admit;
My sands are so nearly run out
That I've scarcely any grit.

An eagle eye 'neath my brow,
And raven hair, had I in youth;
But I'm only bird-like now
In a mouth without a tooth.

My steps I can scarce direct,
And stumble constantly;
But who should not falls expect,
With a cataract in each eye?

A couple of nephews wait
At my side and bewail my twinges,
While they think a tottering gate
Shouldn't hang so long on its hinges.

And though the grave is a cold,
A narrow, and cheerless den,
Still I'll be, like a mummy of old,
Snugly put in by two men.

C. P. R.

THE COMING MAN.

LETTER III.

FROM CHARLES READE TO "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

Truth has as many enemies as a herring in shoal water; but in argument her worst and subtlest is Equivoque, *i. e.*, a phrase or an important word with two meanings. That word or phrase is sure to get used in one sense in the premises of the argument, and in the other sense in the conclusion, and this single juggle will always make a lie seem truth, and truth a lie. In a long life of observation I never knew a current equivoque in the hands of a dextrous muddle-head fail to make many wise men fools, and keep all the fools—what they are.

Were I to give the examples I have noted in various branches of learning, human and divine, it would be too instructive, would infuriate respectable cliques, and submerge my subject. Suffice it to say that long experience has brought me to this pass: whenever I see an equivoque, I tremble for truth, and, whether I am in a court of law or a popular journal, the first thing I do is to sweep out of the case every word with two meanings which my more brilliant but less wary predecessors have allowed to creep in.

Now what do I see crawling this way? Why, a very snake—a juggling, equivocating fiend of a word that has slain human understandings by the million. That word is "Antiquity."

"Antiquity" means two nearly opposite things: it means a very old thing, and it also means the period when very old things were new.

The one word signifying two incongruous things muddles men's brains, and sets them talking mud and writing mud. "Reverend antiquity," "the wisdom of the ancient world," etc. Mud! Even the philosophic mind of Edmund Burke succumbed to this muddling equivoque. He talks of the gray hairs of antiquity, meaning by antiquity a period when the world's hair, if any, was all brown and curly, and its romantic head full of juvenile cobwebs, which the good sense of the adolescent world has much reduced. Jeremy Bentham corrected the fallacy in his day; but the good sense he taught deserts men the moment they fall to argue, and I will tell you the reason. The knowledge we realize is knowledge, and stays by us at a pinch; but the knowledge we only know is but knowledge's shadow, and vanishes the moment we begin to argue. You collar an addle-pate and say, "My good Sir, was the world five thousand years older five thousand years ago, or five thousand years younger?" He is staggered at first, but admits it was five thousand years younger, and sillier in proportion. You let him go. He abuses your clemency: he goes and reasons. You listen: the dog is *reasoning* as if the world was older and wiser when it was younger and sillier!

Once bitten by the mad dog Equivoque, nothing but Death will cure a man. The one safe course, then, is to begin every argument by seizing the equivocal word that has hitherto obscured it, and kicking it off the premises, and substituting for it any two distinct and truthful words which honestly represent the two meanings of the banished viper.

This seems a small thing to do, but it is not small in effect; it is the greatest clarifier of Mud human wit has ever hit on.

My argument, then, proceeds on the following clear, simple, correct, and exact terms, which exclude confusion of ideas:

The Old World is a world we shall never see, for this simple reason, that the world has been adolescent only three hundred years, its adolescence having commenced with Lord Bacon, in whose day it first learned the one road to Truth. The old world will be here many thousand years hence, when the Atlantic is fished, and Africa ploughed from Cairo to the Cape.

The Adult World began with Bacon, and we live in its early days.

The Infant World was the stone age, though it may have lasted fifty thousand years, for time is not a sure measure of events; it is only an average measure. Brute barbarism, however long, was a commencement, and true civilization is a novelty.

The Juvenile World. This term applies strictly to the period between the invention of the shield by intelligent savages, and the road to truth by Bacon.

Now youth is a glorious period, but it is also a wrong-headed one. The juvenile world, being the inexperienced world, alternately soars and stumbles; it is wise in one thing, almost idiotic in another, keen-sighted and blind, noble and base, by turns. It invented letters, poetry, and sculpture, which are noble things; it invented polytheism, a degrading thing; it worshipped many mean animals, and a set of imaginary gods, stained by all the vices of bad men and women, yet unredeemed by a single ray of the genuine goodness which in every age has adorned superior mortals. Ransack Olympus, you shall find nothing so godlike as Aristides or Portia. The juvenile pagan world not only worshipped man's living inferiors—cats, snakes, storks, monkeys, cows, rams, and paltry little vicious gods; it also worshipped man's dead inferiors, for it made graven images and worshipped them, which, as Lactantius the logical says, neatly enough, was inverting the order of devotion, since it was the duty of those graven images to worship man, for he was their creator, and therefore their god.

But the great intellectual defect of the juvenile world, and the one which not Christianity but Baconism corrected, was what philosophers call "*a priori* reasoning," or a habit of conjecture on matters where proof was attainable. Wherever they could do it, without being punished, men shut their eyes and looked into their own minds for external truths. The husbandman did not reason so, because, if he had, he would have been starved. The warrior did not, because he would have got killed. The Greek sculptor did not, because he would have been ridiculed. But nearly every *unpunishable thinker* did. Their habit was to "look into their inner consciousness" and guess, and then state, to state and then reiterate, to reiterate and then believe, from age to age, whatever had been guessed, stated, and reiterated. Our habit is to doubt, observe, examine, test, and be sure, not sit up on our hams and howl conjectures like puppy-dogs blind-drunk with moonshine.

The juvenile world was as interested in the sources of the Nile as we are, and those sources as open to them as to us. But their method was to sit at home, or, at farthest, in the library at Alexandria, and divine those sources: the adult method is—Stanley!

Natural history was as wide open to Pliny as to Darwin; Time has nothing to do with the nonsense and nescience of the Roman juvenile, and the knowledge of the English adult. The animals were as open to inspection B.C. as they are now. It was Inspection that did not exist: in classical and mediæval times men had not the keys to knowledge—observation, experiment, experience.

"That big bee *must* be a king, I think," said the juvenile naturalist: "ergo, it *is* a king. The bees, I imagine, must be his sultanas: ergo, they *are*. That is proved." So centuries rolled, and nobody doubted the king-bee and his harem.

This method infected the Greek thinkers to the core, and therefore, with all their genius, they breathed lies. Their mythology proper was enormous, yet their history, their moral philosophy, and their natural philosophy were three parts in four mythology.

The mediævals did not inherit their arts, but succeeded to their philosophical method, and so propagated their nonsense and their nescience. The mediævals were polytheists under the name of Christians, though, to do them justice, they worshipped good little gods instead of bad ones. They reasoned *a priori* as hard as any Greek. "The earth is a third-rate planet, but *I* was born in it: so it *must* be the centre of the whole system. Don't waste time inquiring whether it is. It is a self-evident proposition. Start from that. It is the key to the celestial globe."

Thus their juvenile method took the keys of heaven as well as of earth out of their hands. So far from improving on all pagans, the Christian world for centuries was darker and more ignorant than the Greeks and Romans were a thousand years before.

And when we emerge from the dark ages to mediæval twilight, we emerge not into truth, but Christian mythology, false miracles, elixir vitæ, philosopher's stone, astrology.

Now just dissect astrology, since here the Christian juvenile adds his intelligence to that of the pagan juvenile, to enlighten the world.

Juvenile No. 1 looked on the stars from Marathon, and, to distinguish them, applied fancy names to them, taken from the national mythology. Rome, for convenience, adopted the vocabulary. One noble planet they called Jupiter; one beautiful planet they called Venus; one planet that is rosy at certain months they called Mars, because they were not the men to observe that it is pink vegetation which gives that color at fixed periods.

To this vocabulary came Juvenile 2, the mediæval. "Oho!" says Juvenile 2, "then if a man is born when Mars is in the ascendant, he will be a great captain; under Venus, he will please the ladies." And so Juvenile 2 constructs a whole system of prophecy founded on the attributes of the stars.

Alas! Venus is not a *star* of love, so made by its real Creator, nor is Mars a war-darting *star*. They are only God's stars, to whom juvenile heathens gave names representing nullities; for neither Mars, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, nor Mercury ever existed as celestial forces.

My object in touching so wealthy a subject as this is to obtain my reader's assent to a sound and discriminating guide in the present and all similar inquiries. It is this: if a theory comes down from the juvenile world, pagan or mediæval, and gets alive into the adult, you must inquire whether, at various epochs of its career, it encountered those tests the good sense of the adult world now applies to every alleged fact. If it has, then it is a true treasure of the past, and to be respected all the more that it has been long in the world, and has shown genuine durability. But if it has never been submitted to post-Baconian tests, then the circumstance that it rose in that hot-bed of chimeras, fancies, myths, and falsehoods, the juvenile world, is dead against it. *Prima facie*, the chances are it is untrue, and has passed current by pure reiteration and no examination.

The Greek statues, even in their fragments, are admired, not because they are old, but because, although they are old, they stand a close comparison with grand men and women of this and other ages.

But has the awkwardness, weakness, wickedness, unluckiness, of the left hand been submitted to any Baconian tests, as those sculptures have?

Take the unluckiness of the left hand: the adult world would soon dispose of this question. It would send out three men with note-books to find the track of crows. It would place six husbands and their wives on different sides of the flight; and in due course furnish a tabulated statement to show whether six strokes of good fortune had fallen on six husbands and of bad luck on six wives because the crows passed to the right of the men and the left of the women.

Not so the juvenile world. It divined that the left hand *must* be unlucky, and therefore stated it. It stated, and therefore reiterated; it reiterated it, and therefore received it as self-evident. Self-evident truth was its favorite form of rank absurdity.

Now, in the adult world, who believes the left hand unlucky? who cares on which side a crow flies? On which hand of every bride is the ring, symbol of a sacred union, placed at that solemn moment when her childhood ends and her true future trembles in the balance? It is a time, we know, when superstition is agog for prognostics, yet even superstition sees no ill omen in this left-hand ring; for why, the self-evident mendacity of the whole thing has worn itself out without troubling Lord Bacon and his tests.

The unluckiness of the left survives in the still juvenile vocabulary of the adult world, but has died clean out of its maturing mind.

Well, but this unluckiness of the left was an inseparable part of the right-handed theory. Forego this, and you rebel against pagan wisdom, and create a flimsy novelty, a brand-new theory, viz., that the left is not unlucky, yet is inferior in power and dexterity. But the juvenile world was far more confident that the left hand was ignoble and unlucky than that it was inferior in muscular quality.

Now when a witness comes into the box and makes two uncorroborated statements, and one turns out to be a falsehood, we do not swallow the other half of his apple blindfold. The whole credibility of the witness is shaken by himself, and we, enlightened by the detected falsehood, mistrust his other uncorroborated assertion.

Arrived at this stage of distrust, it is humble, and therefore wise, to remember that we are only one out of many known animals, all created by one Creator, and that our class-fellows, the other mammalia, are not without their simple wisdom. We have a million times more intellect than they have, but pray observe that our various accomplishments do not enter into this argument, because it so happens that in the conduct of the body man has never been wise, though he is very wise in arts, sciences, and mechanics. Man commonly washes down his food with liquid, and often with fermented liquors that have to be digested. The other mammalia never drink when they are eating, but moisten their food with saliva, which is the true chemical precursor of the gastric juice. Taught by God, they have always eaten as the ablest physicians now teach dyspeptic patients to eat.

At this day two hundred million people, on one pretense or other, remove either a front tooth, or a small joint, or a fleshy portion of the body, though nature restores it to their children, and declines to indorse the perverseness of the parents. Others drag one lip out of its native beauty into ghastly hideousness. China, with her vast population and intellectual accomplishments, crushes the female foot to lameness. Europe and America crush the vitals of the growing female, rob that masterpiece the floating ribs of their elastic play, and substitute a bad hour-glass, a hideous meeting of triangles, for the serpentine line of beauty kind nature has bestowed on women. By this the body not only loses its beauty of outline, but is filled with diseases, some of them disgusting.

Other living relics of the juvenile world bore the nose, and bedizen it; others bore the ears, drag them down out of shape, and bedizen them; others scarify the whole face, and sometimes the body, to beautify it; others squeeze every child's head up into the form of a sugar-loaf.

The animals reject every one of these outrages on nature, and their females all avoid the sexual excesses of mankind, observe times and seasons, and so escape many diseases, and can all nurse their children, because they conduct their bodies wisely.

Now not one of these wise mammalia is right-handed or right-legged, unless corrupted by man's training; and so here is an enormous majority of wise beasts against one who, on the whole, is much wiser; but in this one particular, the conduct of the body, is too apt to lay down his wisdom, and to be the least humble and least wise of God's creatures. Let us hope he will mend before the world ripens and Africa is ploughed.

The either-handedness of all the animals, including man's "sainted progenitor," the monkey, needs no proof. It is admitted on all hands; but I will give one example. A friend of mine hunted many tigers in India. One day they drove a huge tiger out of the jungle, and he made for the nearest cover. He got on a road encumbered with tame buffaloes. He rushed among them, and my informant saw his two great fore-arms rise and fall as quickly as the one two of a pugilist; and on he rushed.

But there lay two buffaloes on their backs, with all their legs in the air, and apparently in the agonies of death.

A fine mull a right-handed tiger would have made of this!

The above reasoning is not of the highest kind; it is only reasoning by comparison; but even this is more rational than pure divination, or theories evolved out of the inner consciousness of a pagan mythologist.

However, we will now submit the matter to the infallible tests of the adult age. Most of these we must look for in our own time, and then these letters will become more interesting. The juvenile world seldom applied the Baconian test, Experiment, to any preconceived idea; so we can not hope to find many examples recorded of a wisdom that was rare.

Thus much we know: the Romans, in spite of their blind theories, had so many either-handed men that they were obliged to coin a word for them—"ambidexter," which golden word we have never had the sense to adopt except in our medical treatises.

We know that in every age a few individuals trained the left arm and hand, and always with one result—the left repaid culture exactly as the right did. But few of these individuals were famous, and history neglects the obscure. However, it is recorded that Nimrod was left-handed and Sesostris ambidexter, or either-handed. Leonardo da Vinci, a wonderful genius, was either-handed. To these Dr. Wilson, an American physician, and one of the few intelligent writers on the subject, adds some examples, including a famous Highland swordsman who was left-handed. These few figures represent many thousand obscure persons either left-handed or ambidexter.

These accidental revelations are confirmed by one very large experiment, that alone outweighs all the reiterated chimeras of the juvenile world. A school of left-handed and either-handed warriors was founded in ancient Israel by men of the tribe of Benjamin. The first date of this adult school is not known; every rational habit precedes the first notice of it. Israel was oppressed by Moab, and we are told that the Lord raised them a deliverer—Ehud, of the tribe of Benjamin, a man left-handed. He obtained a private audience of the tyrant Eglon. He had a short sword girded on his right thigh, just as a right-handed man wears his sword on his left side; he drew this dagger, or short sword, and stabbed Eglon in the belly so vigorously with his left that he could not extract his own weapon from the corpse.

Samson pulled down the temple of Dagon on the Philistines by an either-armed effort. He got between the two pillars, encircled one with each arm, then swayed to and fro, using the biceps muscle of each arm and the power of his loins. Later Joab caressed the beard of Amasa with his right, and struck him dead with one blow of his left.

In Judges, xx. 16, we find the same tribe that produced Ehud has seven hundred fighting men described as left-handed, and able to sling stones "to a hair's-breadth." Such precision is very unusual with that weapon, and seven hundred slingers so accomplished represent at least seven thousand who could sling well with the left, though not to such absolute nicety. No statistician will dispute this position.

A gap in language makes a gap in truth. Since the Hebrews had no single word like "ambidexter," or "either-handed," the left-handed man and the either-handed man would both be called "left-handed" when described by a single adjective. But, in point of fact, left-handed men are corrected by surrounding prejudices, and are rarely so imperfect as the right-handed man; and this truth peeps out the next time this very school of experiment is mentioned, viz., in David's time. Though Saul had kinsfolk in Benjamin, yet the tribe sided with David, and we are told these warriors "could use both the right hand and the left in slinging stones and shooting arrows."

It is not so likely that the very school which was now "either-handed" had been entirely "left-handed" a few years before; it is more according to experience that in the later passage a defective vocabulary possessing only two adjectives, "right-handed" and "left-handed," was cured, for once in a way, by a more roundabout but exact phrase, that being to this day the only form in which a vocabulary lacking some particular word is supplemented.

Here, then, was the Baconian test applied on a large scale, and the blind theory that the left arm is intrinsically inferior to the right in power and dexterity succumbed at once under that test; its failure is recorded by historians whose prejudice ran the other way; and this is the highest class of evidence, whether it figures in history or in the witness-box.

Must I not hope that, even on this evidence, so great a nation as Anglo-Saxony, whose cities of learning, like Athens before them, train the body as well as the mind to all possible perfection, could feel tempted to rise to the intellectual and physical level the men of Benjamin rose to 900 years B.C.—Benjamin, by far the smallest tribe of a small though wonderful nation? But there is a great deal more evidence to come.

As to the superior honor given to the right hand, that I shall show in my next and last letter has arisen out of a savage and contemptible foible deeply ingrained in man, but unworthy of Christianity, unworthy of civilization. Meantime, the main question is the practical one. The true history of mankind has nothing to do with camps and courts or politics. It is a struggle for food, and these letters are to show a million the way to more food by cultivating two bread-winners instead of one.

Before I put men and women and things of the day into the witness-box, let your readers digest this statement: I say that pagan prejudice has taken the eyes clean out of Christian heads. I declare that the grandest effort of the biceps muscle is done by the left arm of living men, four times out of five, and the highest triumph of difficult, skillful, swift, and precise manipulation is invariably done by the left hand; so that the right hand and arm, superior in juvenile theory, do in fact move within a narrower circle of excellence than the left arm and hand, and that before our eyes.

It will be a good and wholesome exercise for my readers to gauge their own intellects and power of observation by asking themselves what two things I allude to. If they can not reply, that alone ought to show them how pagan traditions, preconceived ideas, and a lying vocabulary can blind the eyes of unguarded men, and darken the understanding, so that even in this adult age, whenever we are false to the wisdom of that age, and prefer preconception to experiment, or jack-o'-lantern to the sun, we shall go blind and blundering all our days.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

CHAPTER LXI.

FAIR STILL, BUT FAIR FOR NO ONE SAVING ME.

CYRIL would have liked to follow the mysterious lady, but that would have been too discourteous, so he wandered listlessly in the streets of St. Malo for another hour or so, not knowing what to do with himself, and finally came to a stand-still at an office on the outskirts of the town, whence a diligence started every afternoon for Dol.

"Dol," he said. "What is Dol? I was never at Dol. I wonder if there is any thing worth seeing at Dol, and if it be possible that Beatrix can have gone there?"

While he was wondering a hired fly drove up containing the lady in the gray mantle and a number of parcels of different kinds and sizes. The driver of the diligence went forward to receive the lady and her parcels. She was evidently a frequent patron of his conveyance. He took pains to install her carefully in the wretched interior.

"I'll go to Dol," decided Cyril. "I am bent on finding out who and what this woman is. It will be only the loss of a day, and I shall have time to think out my plans for finding Beatrix."

It was foolish perhaps, he thought afterward, to be so easily diverted from his path; but then the fact was that he had no path to take—he was fairly at a stand-still. He could do no good by perambulating the streets of St. Malo. Dol was a place to explore—the chances against finding Beatrix there were as ninety-nine in a hundred, perhaps; but it would be one town checked off the map of Europe, and he would be able to find out something about his mysterious sick-nurse. So Cyril mounted to the seat beside the driver, where he had the shelter of an ancient leather hood to protect him from the wind, and where he felt very easy in his mind about the lady in the gray mantle. She could not escape him on the road.

He questioned the driver about his passenger, but the man could tell him nothing except that the lady lived at Dol, and that she came into St. Malo once a week to make her purchases. He could not say how long she had lived there, as he had been only driving the diligence for a month.

They drove through lanes and past fields and orchards, which were entirely Devonian in their aspect, halted at a village which was quainter and more picturesque and, sooth to say, a little dirtier than a Devonshire village, and finally arrived, as the shades of evening were falling, at Dol, which impressed Cyril at first sight as the dullest town he had ever beheld. He knew Sandwich in Kent, he had visited Stamford in Lincolnshire, he had even seen Southend out of the cockney season, but Dol had a more utterly deserted look than any of these. There were fine old mediæval buildings, there was a grand cathedral with one tower left unfinished in the Middle Ages, there were interesting courts and crannies and corners, but Melancholy had claimed Dol for her own. The country round looked flat and depressing; the outskirts of the town were arid and dusty; the modern houses had that intensely new and unfinished aspect peculiar to French architecture; and all ambitious attempts at improvement looked as if they had been nipped in the bud.

There was one rather pretty-looking house, in a small walled garden, and before the door of this garden the diligence stopped, and the lady in the gray mantle alighted. A French maid-servant opened the gate and ran out to take the traveller's parcels, and then mistress and maid went in at the door, and the walled garden swallowed them up.

The diligence deposited Cyril at an old inn in a small square not far from the cathedral, a good old house enough, where all things were cleanly and comfortable, and where he found a good-natured landlady, who was quite ready to answer his questions while he waited for the *table d'hôte* dinner.

He described the white house in the walled garden just outside the town, and asked if she could tell him any thing about its inmates.

It was a house which let itself garnished, she told him, the owner being a merchant at Rennes, who only came to Dol occasionally because it was his birth-place. Of its present inmates madame knew nothing. She did not even know that it was let. It had been long unoccupied. She excused herself for this ignorance on the ground that she went out so seldom. The house, and then the kitchen, occupied all her time, not to speak of her two little angels, who were exacting, like all children.

Of the two little angels, one was then squalling lustily in the adjoining kitchen, while the other hung to its mother's gown and scowled at the stranger.

"Have you had many English visitors this season?" Cyril inquired.

"Oh yes, monsieur, a crowd. The English love so much our Brittany, and Dol is the first town in Brittany. It is interesting to the traveller were it only for that reason."

"Naturally. Since September now—the end of September—can you recall any English visitors, ladies, who have been with you?"

"But no, monsieur. After September our season is over. It is late. We have had no English ladies since then."

"There are other hotels at Dol, I suppose?"

"Yes, monsieur, but this is the first."

Cyril dined with a few sleepy-looking inhabitants and a couple of sub-lieutenants from the neighboring barracks, and after his dinner went to look at the cathedral, which had a shadowy grandeur by the light of a solitary lamp burning here and there before a shrine.

After this he was glad to go to bed, having slept very little on board the St. Malo steamer. He put Christian Harefield's letter under his pillow.

He was up before daybreak next morning, and was out with the first streak of pale light in the east. He went first to look at the house which had swallowed up the lady in the gray mantle. He made a circuit of the garden wall, but discovered nothing except that there were poultry on the premises, a fact imparted to him shrilly by a peculiarly energetic cock, apparently of the bantam breed, so eager was he, like all small creatures, to assert his importance. There was no indication of the life within to be drawn from the blank white wall, the closed Venetians of the upper windows, or the gilded vane upon the roof. Neighbors there were none. So he left the spot no wiser than when he had approached it.

The morning was lovely, the air balmy, despite the lateness of the season. It was just that calm, delightful hour when earth seems as fresh as if the Creator's work were but newly finished. Cyril set out on a perambulation of the neighborhood of Dol. His hostess had talked to him last night of a certain Mont Dol as a thing to be seen, so he went to see what this Mont Dol was like.

He walked for about a couple of miles through a level country, somewhat Flemish in its character—a country that had only the charm of utter rusticity to recommend it. Then he came all at once upon a raw-looking church of a common-place order, a few straggling cottages, and a steep, rugged-looking hill which rose out of the level plain with an extraordinary suddenness. He climbed this hill by a rough road, which dwindled by-and-by into a narrow winding track, and mounted in the early sunlight to an undulating heathy hill-top looking wide over the blue waters of the channel. On this hill-top there was no human habitation, only a votive chapel and the white statue of a saint, looking down upon the quiet hillocks and hollows, the clumps of furze, and tranquil sheep cropping the dewy grass in the sweet morning air. He had never looked on a more peaceful scene. The world, life and all its cares, lay far below him; the blue wood smoke was curling up from the chimneys of many-gabled Dol; the church tower and its stunted twin brother, the tower that had never been finished, rose darkly above all meaner things on the level plain; white sails of passing vessels were shining yonder against the blue horizon. He felt himself alone upon this lonely hill, in a serener atmosphere than the air of every-day life. A saintly hermit of old time might have passed his contemplative days pleasantly enough in a cell adjoining the chapel yonder.

He rambled round the hill-top, lingering every now and then to look landward or seaward, for on either side the prospect was full of beauty. It was a spot where any man with a genuine love of nature might feel that he could spend hours and days of life alone with his own thoughts and the peaceful beauty round him. The big bell of Dol chimed nine, the bright autumn sun climbed higher in the blue clear sky, a sheep-bell tinkled, an elderly lamb bleated, a little shepherd boy sang his little nasal song, a late bumble-bee buzzed among late furze bloom. There were no other sounds.

Cyril made the circuit of the chapel, which was closely locked against intrusion. He looked at the statue, and turned his face idly seaward for the twentieth time, thinking within himself how foolishly he was wasting his day, and how little this perambulation of the Mont Dol would help him toward the accomplishment of his mission; and as he was thinking thus, and as he turned from the statue to the sea, he found himself face to face with something sweeter than the glad blue sea, dearer than all the wide bright earth, the face of the woman he loved.

She was standing before him, looking at him with a grave sad smile, dressed in black, and thin and care-worn, beautiful only for eyes that loved her, since she had wasted the freshness of her youth and beauty in tears and sleepless nights and untimely cares.

"Beatrix," he cried, with a rush of gladness that almost stifled him—"Beatrix, Providence has sent us to meet here. I had sworn to myself to travel all over the world in search of you."

"Why should you want to find me?" she asked. "I thought there were no two persons on this earth with less reason to wish to meet than you and I."

"I should not have presumed to follow you if I had not a motive strong enough to excuse my audacity. I have brought you this."

He took Christian Harefield's last letter from his pocket and gave it her without a word of explanation.

"From my father!" she cried, looking at the address, and then tearing open the envelope with trembling hands. "In Heaven's name, how did you come by this letter—from my dead father? You who suspected me—"

Tears choked her. She brushed the hot drops from her eyes, and began to read the letter.

"'Sunday night, December 23,'" she began, falteringly. "Why, that was the night before his death," she cried. "Read it for me. I can not see the words. They swim before my eyes."

Cyril stood by her side, reading the letter across her shoulder. He put his arm round her to hold her up, and she leaned against him trembling, hardly able to stand.

"MY POOR CHILD,—When you open this letter you will be fatherless—a little loss, for I have never been a father to you in any thing save the name. For the last ten years I have been a miserable man—too miserable to care for my own flesh and blood—all that was good in me turned to evil.

"I loved your mother as women are not often loved—with an intense and concentrated affection that goes hand in hand with intense jealousy. I do not think it is possible for a man to love as I loved, and endure the knowledge that his love was unrequited, without having his nature perverted. My unrequited love engendered suspicion, evil thoughts, hatred of myself and the thing I loved.

"By a series of fatalities, which I need not set forth here, I was led to believe your mother false and unworthy—a degraded woman—a disgrace to you as she was a dishonor to me. To-night I learn that she was innocent—that her only sin against me was a sin of my own creation. She might have loved, as the years went on, had I shown myself worthy of her love by trusting her truth and honor. My jealousy made her life miserable, and my groundless suspicion drove her from me, to die alone, friendless, hidden in an Italian convent.

"Knowing what I know—knowing how happiness—the purest and deepest—was within my reach, and that I let it go—knowing that the bitterest miseries of my life were engendered in my own perverted mind—knowing that I made the misery of the being I fondly loved—I feel that I can no longer support the burden of a life without hope. Every chain must wear out in time. Mine was worn to attenuation before to-night—this last blow snaps it. To-morrow, when the world wakes to its petty round of cares and joys, my troubles will be over. You will find me as calm as if my life had been all peace. Saint and sinner are equal after death.

"God bless you, poor child! May He be kinder to you than your earthly father has been! Love I could not give you, but wealth, which is mine to bestow, I give you freely. Take warning from my miserable fate, and do not marry without the certainty that you are beloved. Your wealth will mark you out as a prey for every adventurer.

"Should there be an inquiry about my death, you can show this letter to the coroner. Should things pass, as, for your sake, I hope they may, without comment, let these last words of mine be sacred, the one only confidence I have ever given to my only child.

"Inclosed you will find a statement from the principal of the convent where your ill-used mother spent her last days. It may please you some day to visit her grave in that lonely spot, and to weep there for the injuries my love inflicted on her, as I have wept for her this night, tears of blood, wrung from a heart tortured by vain remorse. Your erring, unhappy father,

"CHRISTIAN HAREFIELD."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY.

Saturday, 2.—Purification of the B. V. M.
Sunday, 3.—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday, 10.—Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday, 17.—Septuagesima Sunday.
Sunday, 24.—Sexagesima Sunday; St. Matthias.

IT is clear that Father CURCI is not going to be silenced. Expelled from the Jesuits he may be, but he will still labor for the reconciliation of Italy and the Church. He has announced a book, of which the title is, *The Modern Dissension between the Church and State, considered on Occasion of a Personal Fact.* This work is published at Florence, and is divided into eight chapters. The first treats of dogma generally, the second enters upon the discussion of the Pope's temporal sovereignty. The third chapter "inveighs against the attempt made by the Vatican gradually to erect the temporal power into a religious doctrine by stigmatizing as heretics those who think that even if that power is indispensable to the independence of the Pontiff, its restoration on former conditions is no longer practicable." Chapter Four discusses the possibility of an agreement between the Church and Italy. Chapter Five arraigns the Catholic press for deluding the people with false promises, and misrepresenting the meaning of the Syllabus. Chapter Six narrates the injuries brought upon the Church by the obstinacy of the Vatican. Chapter Seven is devoted to Father CURCI's personal history in relation to the question of the temporal power. Chapter Eight aims to show that but for the scandal caused by his expulsion from the Society of Jesus, no one would have taken the trouble to reveal the treason which was plotting against the Pope, the Church, and society. The Archbishop of Florence announces that this book is published without submission to him, and warns Catholics against it. Two hundred copies have been ordered at the Vatican, so that it will circulate in one quarter where its circulation is important.

Those who have examined the character of Mr. MOODY's work in Providence are of the opinion that its chief force was felt by persons who are not members of any of the congregations of that city. A correspondent of the Boston *Watchman* states that "it went down into a stratum of society to which church work had never before penetrated. Hopeless drinkers were arrested and converted in spite of their enslavement to appetite. In an inquiry meeting, after one of his plain and pungent sermons addressed to a great crowd of men only, a bigamist, and a man who had long been estranged from his family, pursuing a loose mode of life, presented themselves. Liquor-dealers confess that their business is greatly diminished."

The Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, in a quieter way, perhaps, is doing as much as Mr. COOK to arouse a religious interest in the minds of the cultivated classes of Boston. A correspondent of the *Church Union* thus describes him: "He is forty-two years old, tall and manly in bearing, very natural in movement, with no appearance of thinking about himself, with a voice not of much depth or fullness, but sympathetic and strong enough to be heard even in rapid utterance through his vast audience-room, where every sitting has its occupant whenever the house is opened. He gives the impression that he heartily loves his work as a preacher. There is a quiet intenseness about him that is very arresting and effective. But aside from all personal characteristics as a preacher, he is a fresh, vigorous, suggestive thinker, and at times shows a masterly insight of the workings of men's minds and hearts."

The election of the Rev. Dr. GEORGE F. SEYMOUR, Dean of the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary, to the Springfield episcopate, is not well received by the Evangelical party of the Church. The Rev. Dr. CRAIK, of Kentucky, for long years the president of the House of Deputies, has sent a circular letter to the diocesan Standing Committees, in which he says that "this election will in some measure try the quality of the official representatives of the Church as guardians of the truth. The extraordinary proceedings of this new diocese ought, indeed, to be rebuked by those representatives, irrespective of their sympathies and doctrinal leanings, as a wanton insult and an unprovoked challenge to the whole Church." Dr. CRAIK also charges that the division of the diocese of Illinois was permitted on the assurance given that no such action as has been taken in this election was contemplated. He complains, therefore, that there has been a breach of faith.

Philadelphia has a noonday lecture on the "Relations of Religion and Science." The Rev. GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN began there, in Association Hall, January 8, a series of lectures on the "Creative Week in Genesis." It was intended to open only the Lyceum Room of the Association building, but so great was the crowd that the main hall was used. Dr. C. P. KRAUTH presided. Dr. BOARDMAN's expositions of the harmonies of science and revelation have heretofore attracted much attention in the Quaker City.

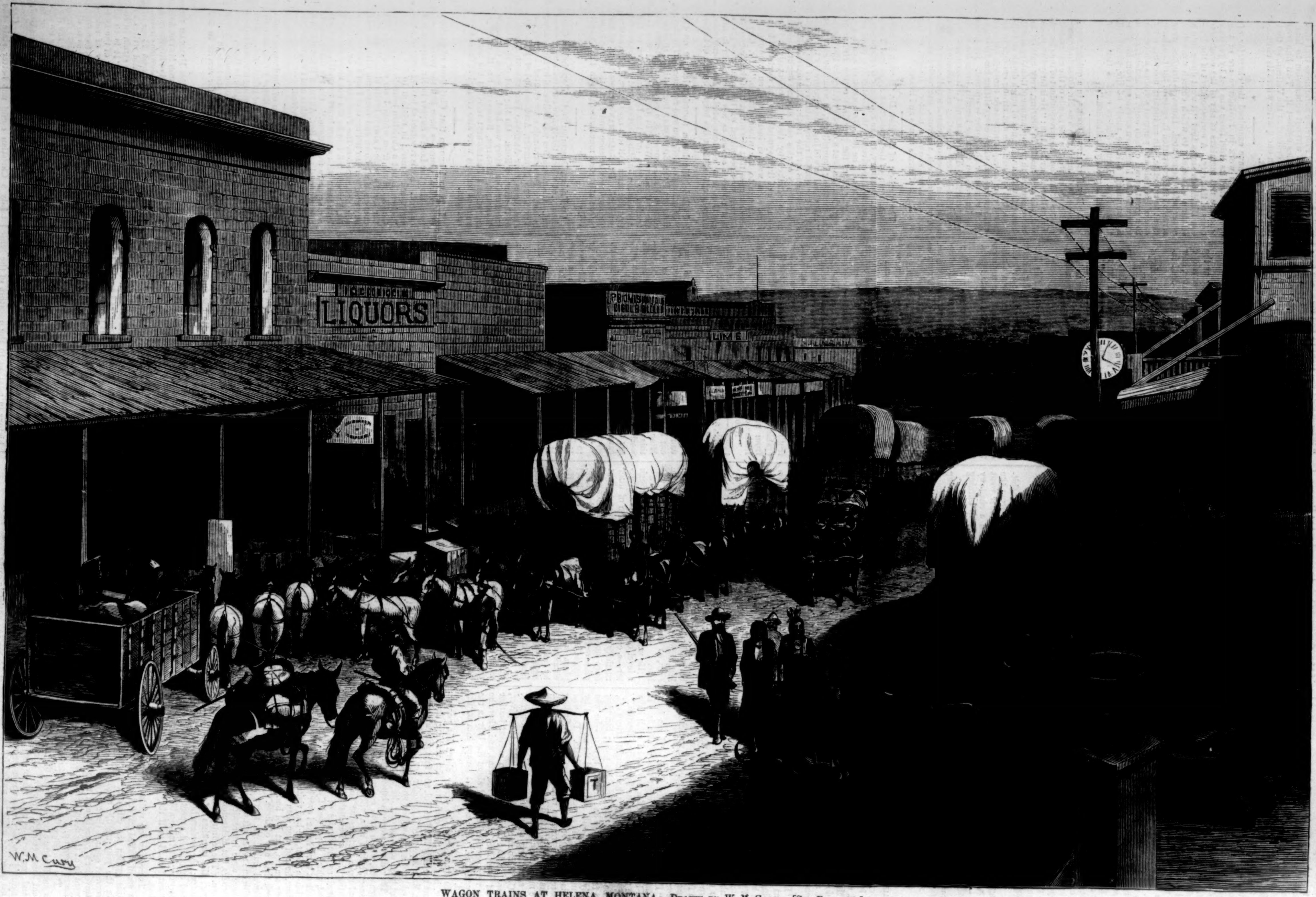
On Friday, December 28, the Pope held a Consistory, at which thirty-five cardinals were present. His allocution was delivered by him sitting in bed. Two cardinals were created, Monsignor VINCENZO MORETTI, Archbishop of Ravenna, and Monsignor ANTONIO PELLEGRINI, Auditor of the Sacred Rota. On the 31st of December another Consistory was held, at which Cardinals MANNING, REGNIER, BROSSAIS, ST. MARC, MORETTI, and PELLEGRINI received the hat. Numerous bishops were also created at these Consistories.

It is well known that Christians of various evangelical churches have had the privilege of partaking the Lord's Supper in Mr. SPURGEON's church. He is reported as having recently thus expressed himself in relation to his practice: "There is not a Christian beneath the scope of God's heaven from whom I am separated. At the Lord's table I always invite all Christians to come and sit down and commune with us. If any man were to tell me that I am separate from the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, or Methodist, I would tell him he did not know me, for I love them with a pure heart fervently, and I am not separate from them." On the other hand, the proposal of the Rev. ARTHUR MURSELL of a union of the English Baptists and Congregationalists has been coldly received.

It is a part of the system of the Roman Catholic Church to educate at Rome young men of different nationalities for the priesthood. With this end in view, colleges bearing national names have been founded. In addition to these, other priests are trained in the "Propaganda." There are now thirty-nine American students in Rome undergoing this preparation for service in the United States.

The expected marriage of Miss HANNAH DE ROTHSCHILD, only daughter of Baron MEYER AMSCHEL DE ROTHSCHILD, to the Earl of Rosebery, a Christian, has excited comment in Jewish circles. In reply to a paragraph in the *Jewish Times* of this city, the Baroness de Rothschild writes to that paper in the following sensible strain in relation to such mixed marriages: "It is to be hoped that being a liberal supporter of the synagogue does not preclude liberality of sentiment, and also that the ROTHSCHILDS, as a rule, are not so bigoted and narrow-minded as to disown any member who chooses to deviate from the beaten path; leaving all to follow the dictates of their own conscience, they show no difference to those who may differ in opinion or in practice. Religion is between man and his God, and needs no human interference."

These sentiments are eminently just. Certainly a Christian could not better state the principles of religious toleration and charity.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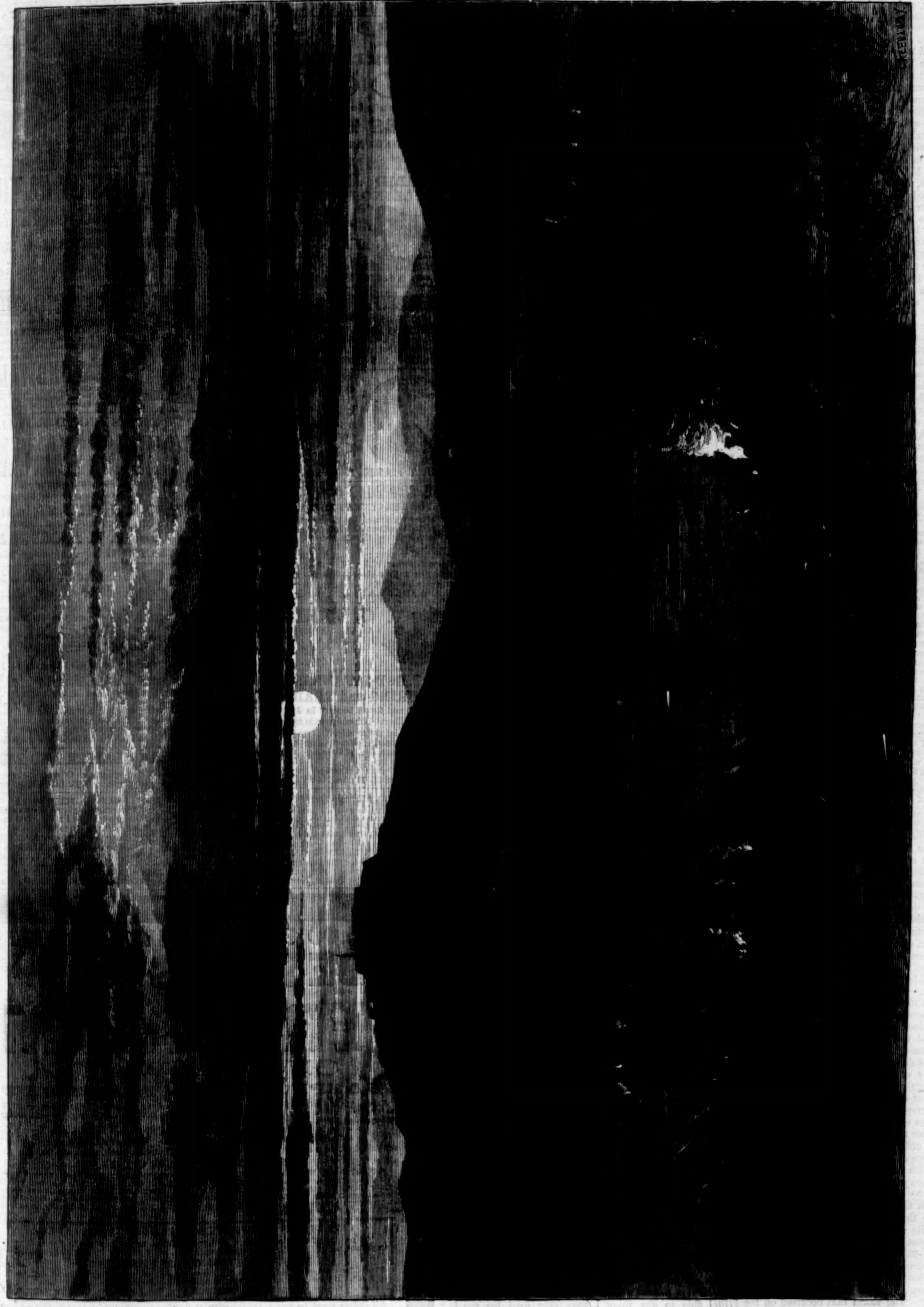
W.M. Cary

WAGON TRAINS AT HELENA, MONTANA.—DRAWN BY W. M. CARY.—[SEE PAGE 98.]



PLEVNA AFTER THE SURRENDER.

PLEVNA AFTER THE SURRENDER.

The above engraving, together with one or two descriptive paragraphs, will give our readers an idea of the great fortress of Plevna and the country that surrounds it. In the background stands the citadel, erected on a hill, and sharply lined against the distant horizon. All the neighboring heights are scarred with intrenchments and dotted with rifle-pits, which the artist has only faintly indicated; but in the foreground we have an encampment of Russian soldiers that suggests the warlike character of the scene. The whole neighborhood of Plevna would appear to the ordinary spectator to consist but of an infinite series of fortifications. Taking them in a circle, and starting from a point on the Plevna-Biela road about 1000 yards west of Grivitza, the visitor finds himself upon an extensive line of earth-works, and right under the guns of three Turkish redoubts. These are connected by galleries and infantry trenches, and defend the approach to Plevna by the *chaussée*, this being the only means of reaching the town from the east, north-east, or southeast, as the rivulet running from Tutchenitza through Plevna courses through an impassable ravine with perpendicular sides of rock. The line then runs southwest about 1000 yards west of Radichevo, and so on in the same direction until it reaches the ravine above mentioned. On the western side of this ravine we start from the point where the Lovatz road bends to the eastward, thence westward between Brestovec and Kirshine to a point 2000 yards from the Lovatz road, thence northwest between Blagivas and Olcagas to the river Vid. Crossing the Vid, we go due north to a point in front and east of Etropol, thence northeast to the Vid, just beyond Oponetz, and from this place we pass north of Bukova, and southeasterly to the starting-point on the Grivitza *chaussée*. From the Grivitza ridge round to the position between Brestovec and Kirshine the Russian lines are higher than the Turkish. From this point to the Vid the latter are higher, but in a very slight degree, while from the Vid round to the Grivitza ridge again the Turkish intrenchments are generally more elevated. There are between twenty and twenty-five closed redoubts on the Moslem line, with innumerable rifle trenches, batteries, and covered ways. Altogether the line of circumvallation about Plevna was fully thirty miles in length, but the conformation of the ground is such that during the siege it was not at any time necessary to have the divisions in actual contact at all points. The Russian guns were generally mounted *en barbette*, while those of the Turks occupied embrasures. All throughout the neighborhood of Plevna the Roumanian earth-works present a more technically correct appearance than those of the Russians, the lines of the former conforming strictly to the drawings laid down in works on military engineering. Their parapets also have a much higher command than those of the Muscovites. Apparently enough spade-work was done around Plevna during the siege to build many miles of railway embankment, and iron enough thrown away to furnish the rails.

The intrenchments constructed by the Russians are generally rough, strong, and practical in their profile and appearance, with good thick parapets, and serviceable traverses and bomb-pits for men and ammunition; but the fortifications thrown up under the supervision of the engineers are very often fancy works, with neat lines and narrow parapets that seem utterly inadequate in the way of defense. One correspondent says of them: "They are not of sufficient command to prevent a cripple charging over them on crutches. They impress the military engineer accustomed to practical work in the field with the idea that they were thrown up with toy shovels and picks, and were constructed at some school to illustrate the theoretical instructions of military professors." Sometimes an important hill is surmounted by one of these toy batteries, with a slight banquette in front for the accommodation of one company of infantry. Adequate flanking trenches for the protection of the guns are rarely found, and the supporting infantry is often compelled to lie down upon a bare hill-top without any sufficient covering from the enemy's fire. The Turks, on the other hand, spare no pains in the construction of their earthworks. Had they, like the Russians, placed open works on the hills immediately surrounding Plevna, they would never have held the position as they did. Each one of their redoubts was a complete work, able to offer formidable resistance to an attacking party, as was shown in the famous struggle at Grivitza.

At present the works about Plevna are all abandoned, or only garrisoned by small parties of Russians, who look for no attack, and only wait with patience for the time to come when they may quit the horrible scenes that surround them on every side. The excitement of the siege is passed, and Plevna and its environs are at present a cemetery where the dead are not buried—a pest-house that all efforts seem powerless to cleanse. Just to the eastward of the citadel stands what is now known as the "Hill of Skeletons." The correspondent of the London *Times*, who visited the scene a few days after the capitulation of the fortress, writes:

> "As I rode up the slope of the hill east of Plevna, toward the redoubt defending the road between that town and the village of Radichevo, a ghastly scene was presented. Hundreds of Russian skeletons lay glistening on the hill-sides where they had fallen during the assault of September. The bones were generally completely bare. Those nearest to the Turkish earth-work had been covered with a few inches of earth, which had been washed off by the first shower, and now they lay as naked as the others. The Moslem outpost pits were among these skeletons, many of them being not more than a yard distant. Notwithstanding the infectious neighborhood of these horrible human relics, not a shovelful of earth had been thrown over them. Singular as it may seem, many of these skeletons had distinct expressions, both in the attitude in which they had fallen and in the position of the fleshless jaws. As I sat on my horse and gazed upon the horrible spectacle, I could distinguish those who had fallen without suffering from those who had died in agony, and the effect was such as I shall never forget. The Russian soldiers who marched into Plevna in the rear of Osman's sallying force passed among these remains of their unburied comrades, but there was no disposition manifested to inflict any punishment upon the men who could treat the bones of brave enemies in such a heartless manner."

It might have been supposed that the capitulation of the fortress would in some measure have mitigated the sufferings of the troops both within and without Plevna; but such was not the case. Both besiegers and besieged were suffering from famine, and the surrender brought no increase of food. Ever since the winter began the difficulties of transporting food into Bulgaria have been increasing. All supplies are more or less detained at the Danube. The ice continues floating down the river in great quantities, and communication with the Bulgarian shore is likely to be interrupted at any moment. And yet the situation on the Danube is no worse than might have been anticipated, when the careless improvidence of the Russians in not making any efforts to provide for such contingencies is taken into account. One or two ferry-boats such as are used on the Hudson and East rivers at New York could have been constructed in half the time that has elapsed since the Russians crossed the Danube, and these would transport twenty wagons each through any ice that ever formed on the river, besides carrying 2000 men and a great quantity of supplies. The time consumed in crossing the river would not exceed five minutes, including starting and landing, and therefore one such ferry-boat would suffice for the transport purposes of the Russian Intendance Department whenever the state of the river prevented the use of the ordinary pontoon bridges. The Russian engineers chose to adopt a stronger form of pontoon, with an ice-breaker on the end, and then left these pontoons lying at Simnitza until the ice broke up the summer bridge. They evidently acted on the idea that when the weather was favorable the old bridges were good enough, and when the weather was bad, the new ones could not be put down. In this way the armies of the Czar in Bulgaria are left to suffer the horrors of partial starvation, in addition to all that they must endure from the severities of winter, against which they have not even the protection of sufficient clothing. The storm that occurred on the 17th of December, four days after the surrender of Plevna, was one of the most severe ever known in that part of the country. A correspondent, writing from Bucharest, describes it as follows:

> "On the 16th and 17th the rain fell steadily, but on the 18th the temperature became so low that the rain changed to an icy sleet, which covered the surface of every thing it touched with a thickness of half an inch of clear ice, the telegraph lines being covered until they assumed the size and appearance of small ropes. On the 19th the sleet changed to snow, and a violent wind arose, which drove the snow in blinding clouds in every direction, filling up cuttings and railways, and stopping all locomotion on both kinds of communications. The overloaded telegraph wires, swayed by the wind, gave way in all directions, and we were isolated from the rest of the world. During the night the violence of the wind increased, until it fairly shrieked and howled through the chimneys and among the gables of the houses like the walls from Dante's Inferno. The temperature gradually became lower, and yesterday morning the storm was at its worst. Sledges made their appearance upon the streets, but it required no small amount of nerve to charter one. In the afternoon I drove out of town. On the *chaussée* near the barriers was a train of transport wagons, many of them overturned by the force of the wind, which swept over the level plain, laden with stifling clouds of driving snow that cut the face like small arrows. I met a Roumanian coming in who had been out to his sheep-fold to see how his flock had withstood the storm. Twenty-five of them had been frozen to death. During the preceding night seven persons were picked up in the streets of Bucharest and carried to the hospitals in a frozen condition. The pontoon bridge at Nikopol was broken, and the deputation from the Roumanian Legislature bearing the reply to the address of Prince Charles remains at Turnu Magurelli, being unable to cross the Danube. The Russian pontoon bridges at Simnitza and Petroshani remain uninjured by the storm. All the railways leading out of Bucharest are obstructed by the snow, and the efforts hitherto made to clear them have not yet succeeded. The wire between the Roumanian head-quarters in Bulgaria and Bucharest remained in working order until last night, when it succumbed. Up to last advices all was stagnant at the front, the storm having enforced the stoppage of all military operations."

The suffering entailed by this storm upon the Turkish prisoners taken at Plevna, and the Russian troops about the Etropol Balkans, as well as those on their way to join General Gourkho, baffles description. Many of the Turks had no overcoats when captured, and there is no shelter obtainable any where in Bulgaria for large masses of men outside the earthern huts built by the soldiers for their own use. By the end of the siege not only was the fuel of the Turks exhausted, but the Russians were compelled to haul wood from considerable distances for their camp fires and for cooking purposes. On the Roumanian side of the investing lines they dug up roots and stumps for fire-wood. The large masses of men encamped about Plevna have swept the fuel from the whole country for miles around. Between Plevna and Sistova, if we may trust report, there is not at present sufficient fire-wood to warm a battalion. The sick-list in Bulgaria is said to number nearly thirty thousand, a large proportion of whom are Turkish prisoners.

WAGON TRAINS AT HELENA.

Our picture on page 96 represents wagon trains delivering goods to the merchants of Helena, in the Territory of Montana. These goods are brought either from Fort Benton, on the Missouri River, a distance of about seventy-five miles, or from a station called Carrol, two hundred and fifty miles farther down the river, near the mouth of the Mussel Shell. The trains are compelled to pass through a dangerous stretch of country, for generations the fighting ground of the Crows and the Sioux; but if they keep well together they are seldom molested.

Helena was settled, in the spring of 1862, by a band of discouraged miners, who, while prospecting in the previous year, discovered gold in a gulch which they named "The Last Chance." This is the site of the town, which spreads up the side of the hill and stretches out into the plain. It has passed through its reign of terror, having extirpated the gamblers, "road agents," and cut-throats who infest all new mining towns, robbing and murdering at their own bad will, and it is now an orderly and thriving place. The business part of the town was nearly destroyed by fire several years ago, but the old frame buildings have been replaced by substantial structures of stone. The population is estimated at about 10,000 souls.

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Frank Leslie, Esq., of the "Illustrated Weekly," says: "For some time past I have been using *Burnett's Cocoaine*, and think it far preferable to any thing I have ever used for the hair."—[*Com.*]

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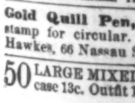

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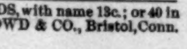

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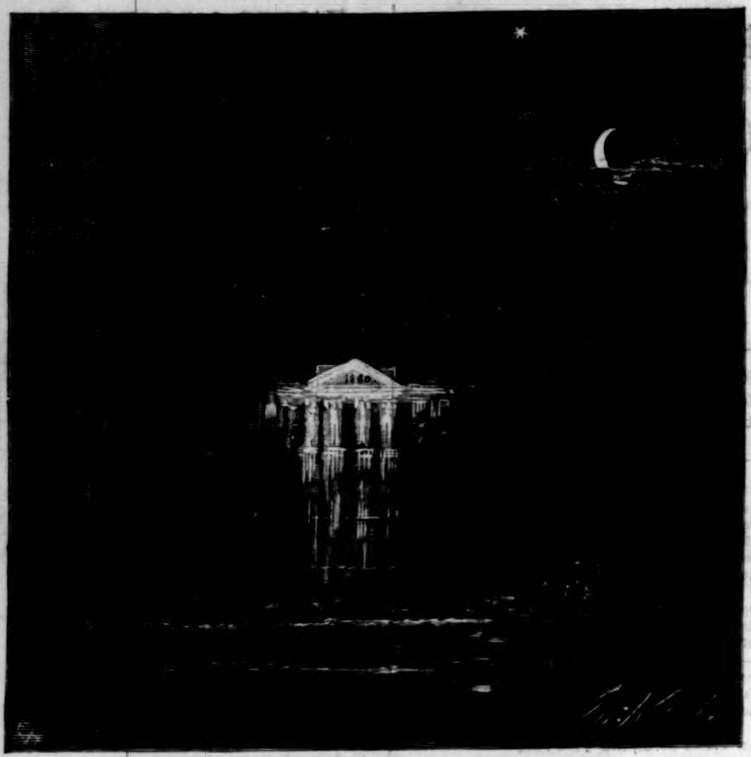

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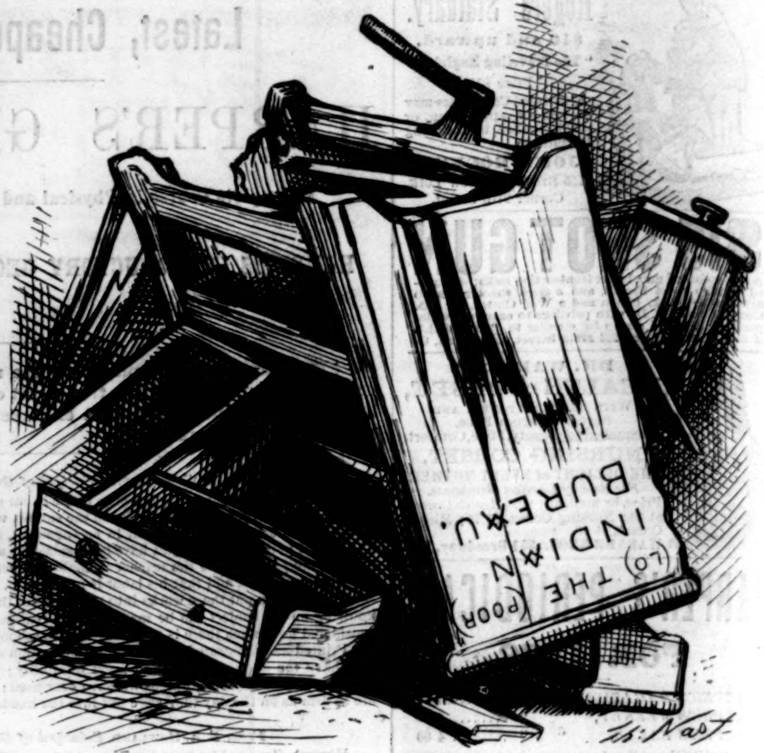
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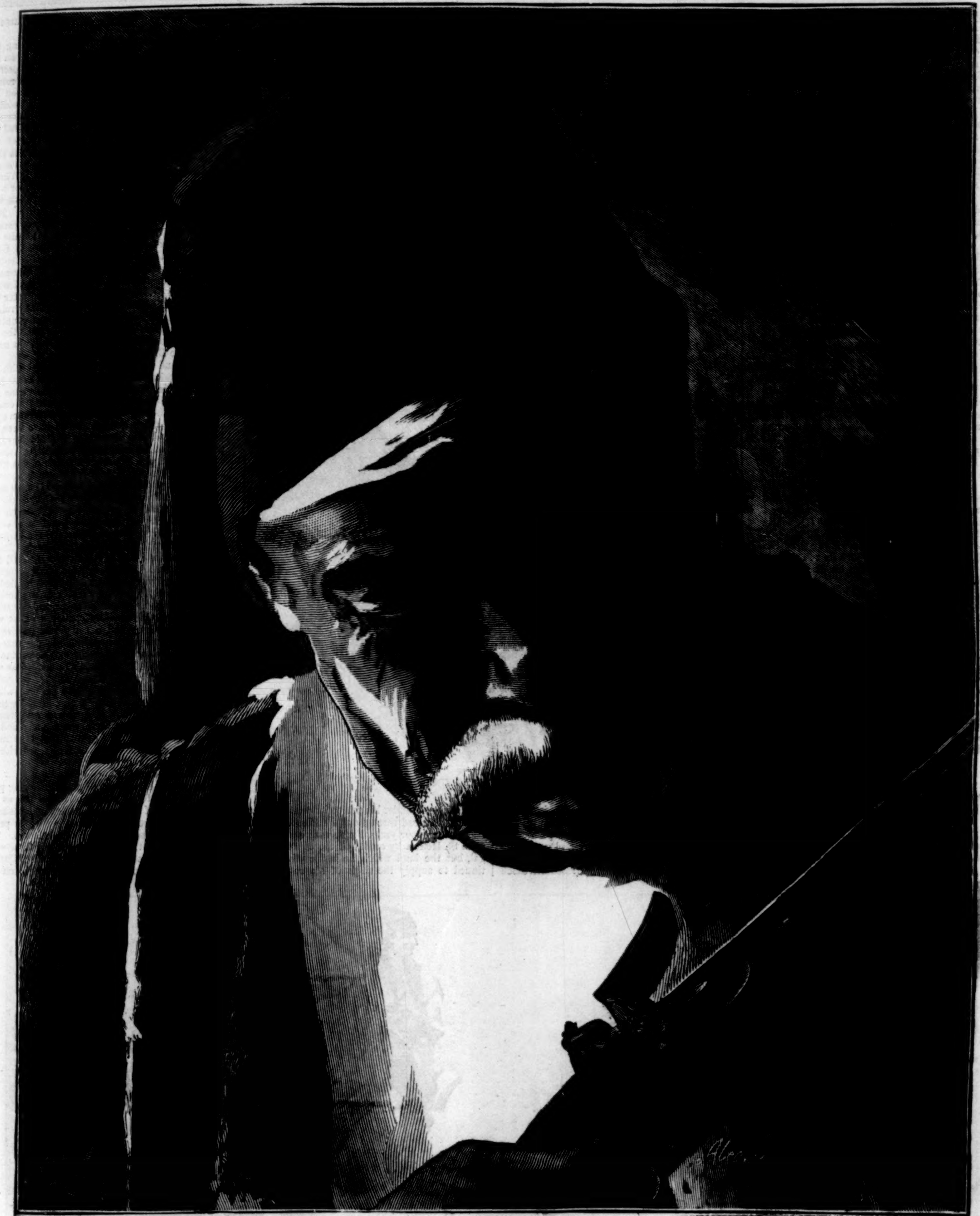


KISMET.

KISMET.

Kismet! In vain the Moslem's knee
Is bowed before an awful power:
Let joy or anguish be his dower,
Lo! what is written, that shall be.

Kismet! Whatever be his state,
Nowhere for refuge may he turn;
Though joy, or hate, or passion burn,
All things are fixed, inviolate.

Kismet! The stern muezzin's call
Is followed by the voice of prayer;
"Allah is Allah," soundeth there,
Not, "God is Father of us all."

Kismet! There lives no power to cure
The direst ill that heart may feel:
Let man in supplication kneel;
He rises only to endure.

Kismet! Beyond yon starry dome
There Allah sits, all powers above:
No Christ hath whispered, "God is love,"
No voice hath told him, "Heaven is home."

Kismet! No Gospel tells the tale,
Lo! One in human form hath trod
This dreary earth, both Man and God,
And rent aside Death's awful veil.

Kismet! No message from on high
Hath entered in the Moslem creed
That He who ruleth heaven indeed
Is moved to hear when sinners cry.

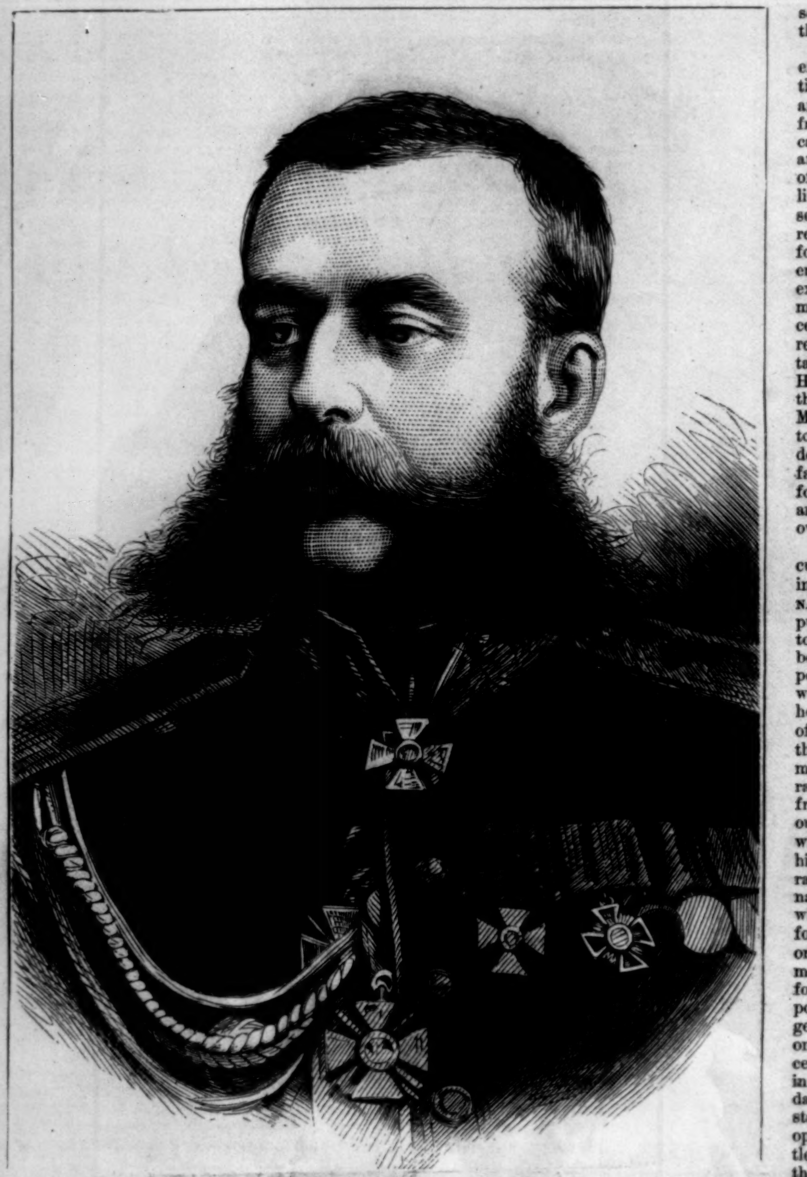
Kismet! No story rings abroad
That earth is heaven, and heaven is earth—
That man is of celestial birth,
And brother of his risen Lord.

GENERAL SKOBELEFF.

One of the heroes of the present war is Lieutenant-General Skobeleff. Although but thirty-two years of age, he has already shown an unusual degree of ability, together with an amount of energy and enterprise not often surpassed. An English newspaper correspondent who has had opportunities of judging of General Skobeleff's conduct obtainable only in the field says of him: "Lieutenant-General Skobeleff is a character—one of the most striking men I have ever met; he is a son of Lieutenant-General Skobeleff, of the Russian army, and has been in every campaign the Russians have had since he was old enough to enter the field. In Khokan, where every thing was considered in a critical state, young Skobeleff was left to cover the retreat of the army with five battalions and twenty guns. His elders in rank and years had selected him to bear the disgrace of the expected catastrophe; but he did not fancy this situation of affairs, attacked the enemy (numbering forty battalions) in the night, threw them into a panic, and utterly routed them, remaining master of the province. For this he was made a Major-General at thirty-one, and became the object of much envy and calumny at the hands of the officers whose heads he had passed over. At the recent battle of Plevna he had his brigade of Cossacks and a battalion of infantry, the latter numbering about 700 men; 340 of this battalion fell in the desperate contest, 170 of them being killed outright; unsupported, the remnant were compelled to fall back, but they retreated in good order, bringing away all the wounded, and actually left the deadly line of battle singing one of their wild but very melodious mountain airs. Now a Lieutenant-General, young, tall, and handsome, Skobeleff is the ideal of a *beau sabreur* of the old Murat type. Brave almost to recklessness, yet possessing a certain shrewd aptitude for estimating chances and the strength of positions, he will make his mark in this campaign should his carelessness of personal danger not bring him some fatal bullet: he has already been wounded six times during his career."

General Skobeleff is a man capable of showing himself a hero not only in the flush of victory, but also under circumstances of the blackest defeat. The story of his heroism at Gravitza is well known to all familiar with the history of the war. A correspondent, who met him as his troops were flying in all directions from the neighborhood of the fatal redoubt, writes: "It was just after this that I met General SKOBELEFF for the first time that day. He was in a fearful state of excitement and fury. His uniform was covered with mud and filth, his sword broken, his cross of St. George twisted round on his shoulder, his face black with powder and smoke, his eyes haggard and blood-shot, and his voice quite gone. He spoke in a hoarse whisper. I never before saw such a picture of battle as he presented. I saw him again in his tent at night. He was quite calm and collected. He said, 'I have done my best; I could do no more. My detachment is half destroyed; my regiments do not exist; I have no officers left; they sent me no re-enforcements, and I have lost three guns.' They were three of the four guns which he placed in the redoubt upon taking it, only one of which his retreating troops had been able to carry off. 'Why did they refuse you re-enforcements?' I asked. 'Who was to blame?' 'I blame nobody,' he replied. 'It is the will of God.'"

General SKOBELEFF also figured conspicuously in the operations that finally led to the surrender of Plevna.


LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SKOBELEFF.

ST. HELENA.

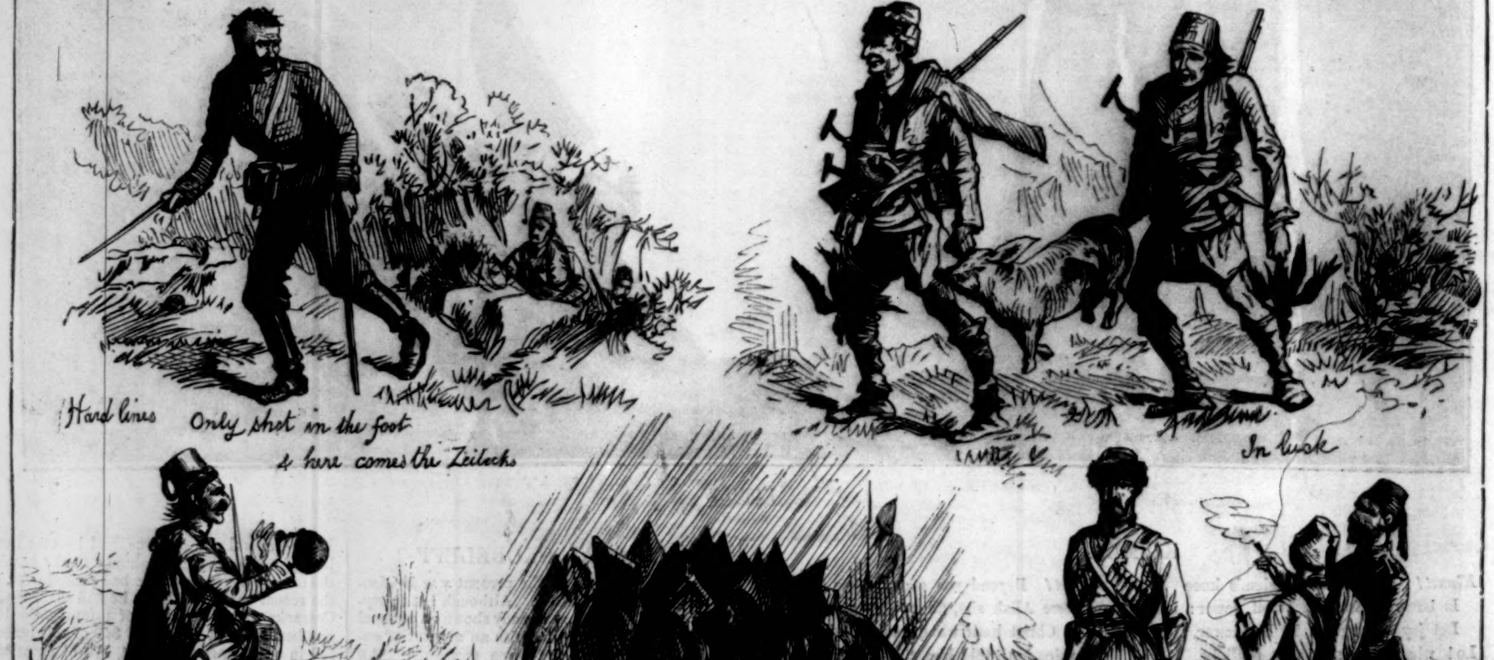
ST. HELENA, generally ranked by geographers among the islands of Lower Guinea, is situated in latitude 15° 55′ south and 5° 44′ west. It is 600 miles from Ascension Island, the nearest point of land, 1200 from the coast of Africa, and nearly 2000 from that of America. In sailing from Europe it is generally necessary in order to make this island to sail along the Brazil coast, quite out of the tropics, until advantage can be taken of the southeast trade-winds. Of late years, however, in approaching St. Helena from England the inner or easternmost passage has frequently been followed. A bird called the St. Helena pigeon, which is seen only to the windward of the island, generally indicates its vicinity to the navigator long before the land can be discerned by the telescope.

St. Helena was discovered by the Portuguese commander JOHN DE NOVA, on St. Helen's Day, May 21, 1501. It was then inhabited only by seals, sea-lions, sea-fowl, and turtles. The interior of the island was one entire forest, and even many of the rocky precipices on the coast were covered to the brink with the gum-wood tree. Its first settlement and improvement are ascribed to the following interesting occurrence: Several Portuguese noblemen who had deserted their own government in India in favor of the native princes were punished by ALBUQUERQUE in the most cruel manner. Their noses, ears, and right hands were cut off, and in this mutilated condition they were put on board a vessel returning to Europe. FERNANDEZ LOPEZ, one of the sufferers, preferring a voluntary exile to a life of ignominy in his own country, was, at his own request, landed on the island of St. Helena with a few negro slaves. This occurred in the year 1513. Many of his countrymen, commiserating his sufferings, exerted themselves to contribute every comfort and convenience which his forlorn situation would admit. Hogs, goats, and poultry were sent to the island for his sustenance; partridges, pheasants, and other wild fowl were let loose in the woods; and fig, lemon, and peach trees were planted in the soil. By his skill in botany and gardening the fruit trees were brought to great perfection, and the live stock and feathered tribes increased so abundantly under his protection that in a short time they spread throughout the island. After a residence of four years, FERNANDEZ was removed from St. Helena by orders of the court of Portugal, but the land which he had cultivated continued to supply the ships of his country with seasonable and abundant food in the course of their Indian voyages.

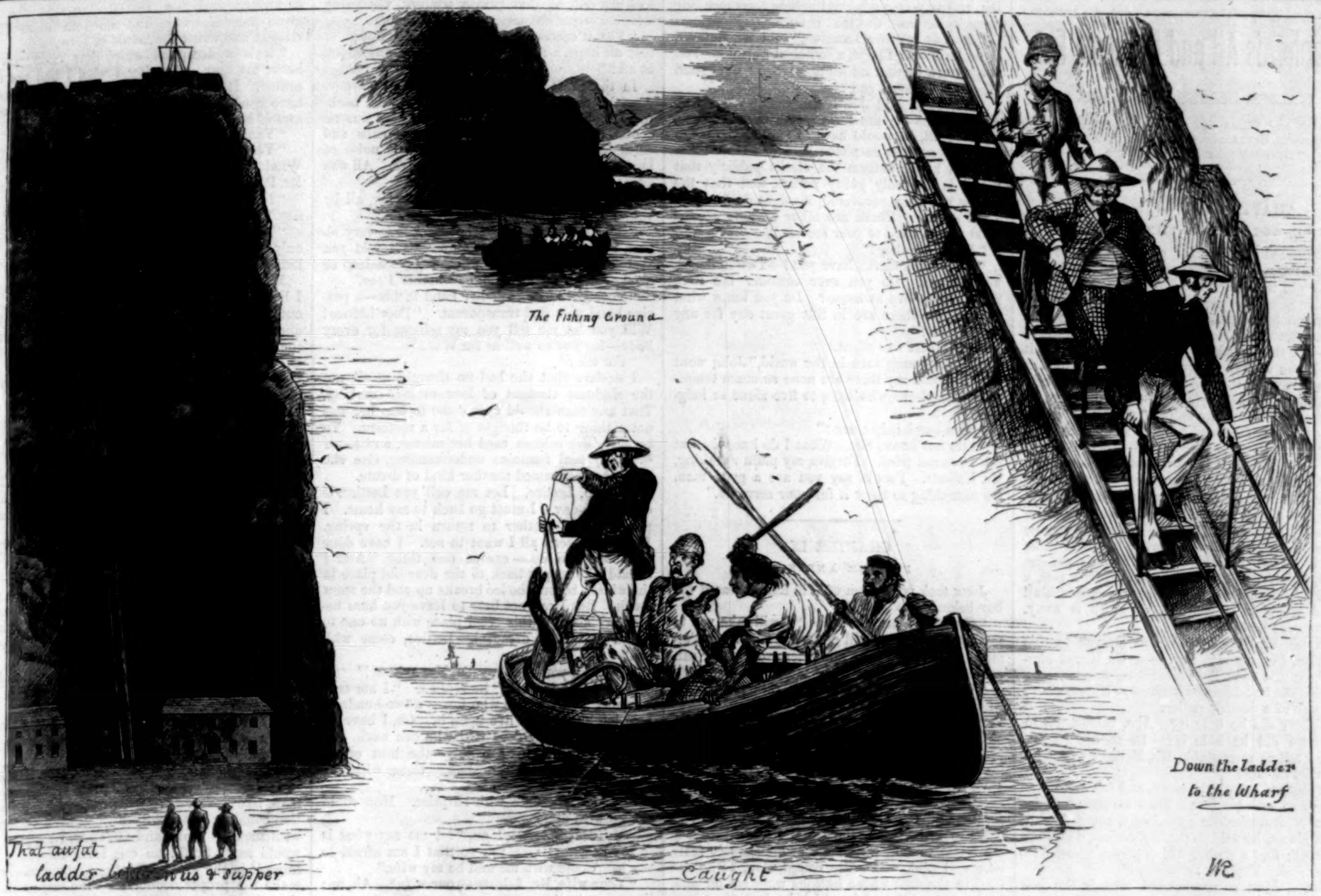
The Portuguese succeeded in concealing the existence of the island from other European nations until the year 1588, when it was descried and visited by Captain CAVENDISH on his return from a voyage around the world. It soon became well known also to the Dutch and Spaniards, and the crews of the different nations are accused of having laid waste the island and destroyed the live stock. After the Portuguese had acquired several ports on the eastern shore of Africa they removed entirely from St. Helena, which remained for a long time in a desolate condition. Whether they abandoned the island voluntarily or were expelled by the Dutch, who took possession, is a matter in regard to which accounts differ. It is certain, however, that the Dutch did not care to retain their hold upon St. Helena after the establishment of their colony at the Cape of Good Hope, for in the middle of the seventeenth century they ceded it to the English East India Company. Many settlers were induced by the offer of lands to emigrate thither from England, and after the destructive fire in London in 1666 many ruined families who sought relief in distant countries found an asylum at St. Helena. In 1833 the island, having become a flourishing colony, was made over to the British crown.

The island of St. Helena is invested with peculiar historical interest from the fact of its having been selected as the prison of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. And while the humanity of the course pursued by the English government remains open to question, there certainly could have been no better place chosen as regards the security of his person. "St. Helena," says JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, whose fluent pen has made the life of the great hero read like a romance, "is a conglomeration of rocks apparently hove by volcanic fires from the bosom of the ocean. This gloomy rock, ten miles long and six broad, placed beneath the rays of a tropical sun, emerges like a castle from the waves, presenting to the sea throughout its circuit but an immense perpendicular wall from six hundred to twelve hundred feet high." In addition to the almost inaccessible ramparts with which it has been provided by nature, the eminences of St. Helena are covered with telegraphs and watch-towers, and its various fortifications defended by cannon, so that with ordinary vigilance and a competent garrison it may be pronounced impregnable by any external force. But although a rescue may be next to impossible, an escape need not be regarded as altogether impracticable. There are various points on the coast where one or two persons, with a certain degree of assistance from the fishing boats in the vicinity, might, without any considerable danger of discovery, leave the island; and instances have occurred to prove that even in an open boat a run might be accomplished with little hazard to the island of Ascension, or even to the coast of Brazil.

Our group of drawings on the following page has, however, to do with St. Helena not as the prison-house of the illustrious exile, but simply as a fishing ground for an adventurous party, among which was the author of the sketch. The "awful ladder" that stretches its length between the tired sportsmen and their supper is at Jamestown, the only town of any importance on the

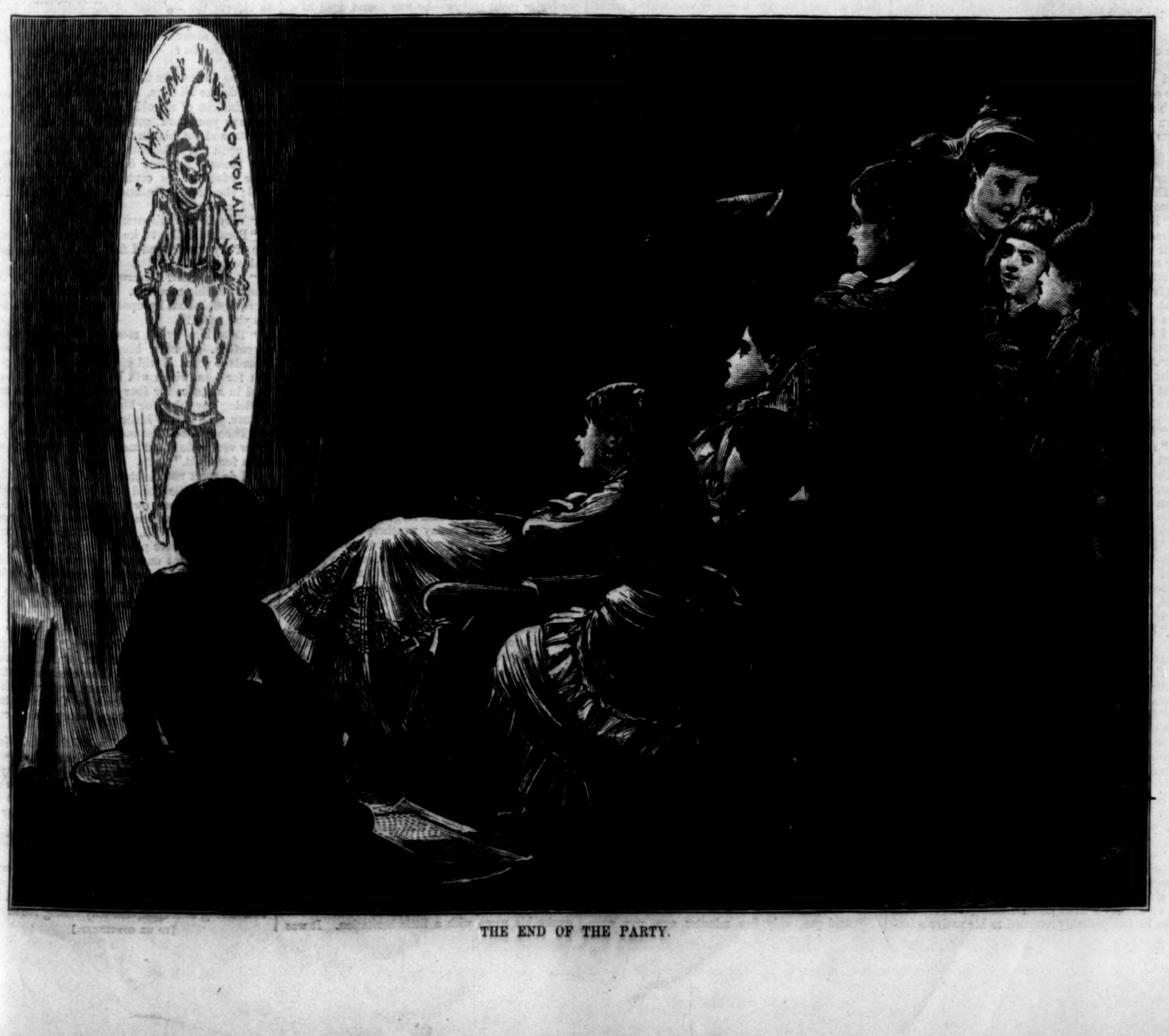

Hard lines
Only shot in the foot & here comes the Zeibecks
In luck
Temptation; a Russian flask full
Quite contented huddled together with a handful of baccy given them
Reprimanding Cherkess Chief for misconduct of men
J.F. WEEDON

WAR SKETCHES IN ASIA MINOR.


That awful ladder between us & supper
The Fishing Ground
Caught
Down the ladder to the Wharf
WR

A DAY'S FISHING AT ST. HELENA.

island. The buildings at the summit are Ladder Hill Fort and the Signal Station. In the centre of the engraving we see, first, the boat of the party making its way round a tiny peninsula, beyond which lies the excellent fishing ground just off Egg Island. Below we find our sportsmen struggling with a prize for which they do not appear in any measure grateful. Apparently it is a specimen of the conger-eel tribe, which abounds in these waters. Occasionally, when drawn into a boat, the conger becomes dangerous through his ungovernable propensity to bite. Fishermen are careful to have always by them a short club, called a "conger stick," wherewith to dispatch such intruders. The last sketch shows the alacrity with which a staircase may be descended by parties who regard ascent as an intolerable nuisance. Their expression goes to prove that to poor humanity all downward courses, whether material or spiritual, are easy.


A MERRY XMAS TO YOU ALL

THE END OF THE PARTY.